



CRADLED MOONS

A BOOK OF POEMS

WAGNER



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CHARLES L. H. WAGNER

CRADLED MOONS

A BOOK OF POEMS

BY

CHARLES L. H. WAGNER

OLD MOONS CRADLED IN THE NEW

Olden thoughts with lustre bright,
Gleaned and garnered by the light
Of the mystic queen of night.

And each old thought seems to rest
Snugly in a new one's breast,
Like an old moon in its nest.

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DEDICATION

THIS BOOK is dedicated to my Wife, to whom I owe much of its inspiration.

Like the beautiful Ariadne of Greek mythology, who, because of her love for Theseus, gave to him a clew of thread by which he guided himself from out the mysterious paths of the Cretan labyrinths, so, indeed, has my good angel often assisted me when I have been seemingly helpless in the labyrinth of my ideas, and by the simple clew of woman's divine, intuitive knowledge, has given me the thread which led into the bright sun of progress.

She it is who has suggested from time to time many of the thoughts which I have herein amplified, and to her, more than to any other person, I shall be indebted, should my humble work find favor with those who peruse its pages.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INDEBTEDNESS

I DESIRE to express my sense of indebtedness to the many friends whose helpful words of encouragement have inspired me in the writing of these verses; to my Father and Mother, who, by their example and precepts, inculcated in me the ideals which permeate this book, I am and should be beholden. I trust that they will never have cause to regret the life which combines many of the qualities and traits of each of them.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

No art is capable, unless it be music, of so many fine shades of expressing human feeling and emotion as the art of poetry. If music be as various, the results are lost relatively through the abstractions which are both its language and its substance. Poetry in its highest sense has the quality of music, it originates from the same abstractions, but these abstractions become materialized in the imagery that is the language of poetry. Poetry, therefore, is more infinite in substance, more various in expression than any of the arts practiced by man. And while all the arts besides poetry, with the possible exception of painting, must deal with themes and subjects, that are in themselves exalted, or lend themselves, readily, to the evocation of symbols ennobling their effects by wonder and mystery, poetry can deal with themes and objects homely in themselves, and by the essence of pleasure, which is a large part of its function, make those common themes and objects attractive and distinguished without altering their essential aspects as the poet finds them. The degree of perfection in which poetry renders the physical and spiritual world of the poet's imagination is in transmuting object and emotion into a magic that becomes visible through some indefinable utterance. The magic may lie beneath the surface of the utterance, or shimmer over it like an atmosphere. One meets it in a word, a line, or a stanza, rarely in the whole body of English poetry, an unrippled under-current or an undarkened luminosity in an entire single poem. Scott, in his prolific body of work, achieved it in a few lines in the short

lyric, "Proud Maisie;" Keats in those famous lines in the "Ode to a Nightingale"; Coleridge more often than any other poet in "Kubla Khan," in several lines in "Christabel"; Webster in one lyrical passage; Shakespeare in a number of lyrics. English poetry is prodigal of all the other qualities that make it as an art a delight to the emotions and a winged aspiration to the spirit. These qualities, embodying many manners of speech, many modes of thought and feeling, in which human nature in all its conspicuous purposes is given expression, are at the core of all earnest and quickened utterance. The claim to attention that the poems in this volume put forward is upon the good ground of possessing these qualities in an understandable degree.

Mr. Wagner displays in this volume a very varied interest and sympathy. He is a poet to whom one can trust oneself with absolute faith. Where so many modern poets are devastating faiths and traditions, exercising with superfine emotions delicate instincts in the attempt to discover the subtle nothingness of dreams and passions, he is very sane and wholesome in his grasp upon the complexities of common life through "the strength of affirming." The kernel of this affirmation is contained in these lines of his:

"For in those old thoughts we but live again,
And what is life but simply doing o'er
The old time things with all their joy and pain,
And modern wisdom is but ancient lore.
Eternity, when summed up, means but this;
There is no old, there is no new, and youth
When touched by Time's regenerating kiss
Receives a vision of eternal truth."

The thought here, which is a wise one for any poet to hold in his relation to life and the world, may be supplemented at this point by calling attention to an opposite, suggesting the rounding out of the character of Mr. Wagner's poetic mind, and found in his poem, "Advice to Poets."

I have indicated a level of thought and feeling in Mr.

Wagner's poetry from which he is able to extend his sympathy and emotion to various points of human experience. He catches the significance of all that comes within the range of his poetic mind with extraordinary quickness. He has the power of extracting the heart interest, which is, after all, the significant sentiment in song, and turning back to us the experience with familiar recollection. It is the appealing quality of his work. In doing this he knows how to turn the helpful aspect of life up to us. He is profound in his cheerfulness, a cheerfulness that sometimes is full-bodied beneath the surface with the gravest questionings of life and fate. Take the thirty-one poems that make the sequence addressed to Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson as a tribute to his interpretation of the "Beautiful Character of the 'Passer-by,'" and one finds a poem that is admirable and beautiful in its moods and thoughts and ideals, a poem that ought to win for its author an instant recognition. Into this sequence there is a glamor and subtlety that streaks the thought like a fine vein of gold. I shall quote here the second poem which is called "Wilful Women":

Women are wilful, and the kindest are
 Truly the wilfulest. 'Twas always so.
 For e'en in my poor home my brightest star
 Which in life's darkest spots reflects its glow
 And guides me towards that goal I long have sought
 Hath seemed at times so wilful in its way
 That I rebelled and wandered in my thought
 As madly as careens the owl in day.

I fain would choose and choose for self alone,
 And choosing thus, have stumbled oft and fell,
 And only by the light of love that shone,
 Though wilful, have I saved my soul from hell.
 For I have learned that woman's wilful mind
 Bespeaks a deep and underlying plan
 Which elevates, ennobles human-kind
 And makes me for the nonce a better man.

Well, there is a touch of the Elizabethan manner in

these lines, a credit to Mr. Wagner's instinctive artlessness of art.

The themes that Mr. Wagner deals with are too numerous and varied to classify in this brief introduction. An alert and ready sympathy gives his work a sense of the universal. He is a poet who expresses for each reader some particular interest. Hardly anyone but who will find in this volume the rendering of some dumb thought or feeling, emotion or idea, which they have carried about in childhood, in youth, in the noon-day of life, or in old age; during some moment of hope or sorrow, aspiration or love.

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CRADLED MOONS

FOR WHOM SHALL I WRITE?

For whom shall I write, and what purpose in sight?

Do the critics give heed when invited to read
The thoughts I indite in my study at night?

Oh, no; they impede every chance to succeed
And strangle my might by praises so slight

I fain would recede with my uttermost speed
Back, back from the land of the poet's delight.

For whom, then, for whom shall I pierce the dark gloom

Of the poet's own soul, or vent thoughts that control
The spirits that loom in his intellect's tomb?

Shall I stoop to cajole the plebian droll,
Or shall I presume to the day of my doom

To strive for a goal which is part of the whole?
Oh, no; for such thoughts my soul has no room.

I shall write for the prize in the gift of the wise,

I shall strive for renown and in hope of a crown,
My work shall comprise all the best I devise,

What though critic or clown shall attempt to tear
down

Or damn and despise under faint praise's guise,

And snicker or frown when they meet me in town,
I shall write for the souls who with truth sympathize.

TO AN ABSENT MUSE

Oh, come, fruitful spirit, long known as the Muse,
I fain would embrace thee, thou hidden recluse,
I've chased o'er the hills and dales of my mind,
But never a trace of thy presence I find.
In the depths of my soul I've called loud and long
To bid thee return and give life to my song;
But now thou art silent, undutiful elf,
And I am alone with my thoughts and myself.

Hitherto thou hast helped me when love's dream I wrote,
Thou hast lent me the fever its passions denote,
But tonight all its fire and deep, ruddy glow
Seems to me and my reason a mere puppet show.
When I sang of the river and old rustic mill,
Thou hadst tuned up my lay with a rhythmical thrill;
I could see the old mill-wheel and the swift-rushing
stream,
But now, thou old truant, the mill runs by steam.

I would fain dip my goose-quill in ink steeped in gall,
Which would burn as it flowed as a caustic on all
Who deserve the rebukes which a poet can fling,
But the ink which I use is devoid of its sting.
I would summon the past with its ghosts to appear
For to tell me of things which no mortal should hear;
But just as I try these weird ghosts to control,
My good neighbor next door begins shovelling coal.

I would write of the Spring and its pleasures again,
Of its beautiful flowers and its soft, gentle rain,
But my window looks out on the night damp and cold,
With old Boreas shrieking like a rigorous scold.

In the past I have drawn on full many a time
The home and the mother to make up a rhyme,
But tonight in my study come sounds through the door
Which disturb me a bit,—'tis the mater's low snore.

I have studied the classics my soul to surcharge
With beautiful thoughts which I fain would enlarge,
But the cat's out of doors, and the fire, I know,
Needs to have some more coal, or out it will go.
Maybe, gentle Muse, when my labors are done
You will light up my soul like a radiant sun,
But too late you will be, for soon I will shed
The mantle of poesy, and hie me to bed.

THE FERN

I saw a fern in creviced stone,
Its dainty green pulsed with the wind,
It must have grown for me alone,
Since it brought God into my mind;
I saw its shallow earth confines,
Its brothers in their leaf-loam glen
Were lost amidst the grass and vines,
But it brought joy to eyes of men.

How like unto myself, I thought;
The seed I've sown on stony ground
Has taken root, and grown, and brought
Rich glory to its narrow bound,
And walls I thought that compassed me
Have been but setting for my soul,
Have raised me high and made me free,
I am that fern in God's control.

MY MOTHER

The twilight falls on Mother's life,
The golden sunset gleams
But faintly now;
The gathering shadows, too, are rife
With fears; the sun's last beams
Grow dim; somehow
They trouble not—my Mother.

'Tis I who weep at close of day,
For, as the dark comes down,
Mine are the fears,
I fain would fend her night away,
I'd hide the proffered crown,
Though Heaven hears,
No anxious thought—has Mother.

Her graying locks were once so dark,
With ringlets prodigal,
I was a child;
Her voice,—the linnet and the lark
Sang in her younger call
And me beguiled,
I've not forgot,—O Mother.

Dear God,—hold back those twilight shades,
Heaven's shining land is blessed
With angels fair;
If Night descends, my earth-light fades,
No comfort lies in heart distressed;
If she were there
I'd be distraught,—for Mother.

THE PATH THAT BRINGS ME HOME

When the sun has kissed the tree-tops,
When their shadows interlace
In a dance of seeming concert
Just outside my sylvan place,
When the ruddy sky has softened
Into neutral tints of gray,
Then I leave my humble cottage
For the world I face each day.

As I tread the crooked footpath
That convenience fashioned out,
My sweet better selves (the children)
Follow close with laugh and shout,
While the mother, like an angel,
Hovers near with love-lit eyes,
Till the highway (cruel jailer)
Shackles me with Duty's ties.

As the hours mark the dial
Of the clock within my gaze,
All despite the thousand worries
Crowding through the anxious days,
I can see that footpath leading
To the spot my heart calls home,
And I would not change its boundings
For the grandest court in Rome!

When the evening shadows gather,
And the minutes, wearisome,
Seem to move so slow and listless,
Then the footpath whispers "Come,"
And once more upon the highway
I retrace the steps of morn
With life's burdens still upon the
Shoulders that have overborne.

Till I reach that winding footpath
Ages seem wrapped up in me,
But a glimpse of smiling faces
Waiting patient 'neath a tree
That denotes my journey's ending
Breaks a chord within my soul,
And the millioned worlds of trouble
From my burdened shoulders roll.

Oh, the splendor of the sunset,
Never was such golden glow,
In each welcome kiss of childhood
Is forgot life's fancied woe,
Whilst my soul cries out within me,
Life is Heaven typified,
And the path seems paved with jasper
Tread by angels glorified.

There stands goddess of my heaven
With the same love-light, I wis,
In her eyes I saw at morning,
Wafting me an evening kiss,
And the children's noisy prattle
Of the day's recounted deeds
Is of far more moment to me
Than the fact that Europe bleeds.

There, Ambition treads on roadbeds
Built on greed and stained by blood,
Here, 'tis Love that marks the pathway
(Radiant bloom and growing bud).
There, is mocked the God I worship,
Here, His Name is lisped and sung,
There, the world is lost to reason,
Here the path has Wisdom's tongue.

With the Poet's eyes I'm looking
In the future, and I see
Still another path that's leading
To a place prepared for me;
But until the day it whispers
To me, "Come," and I shall roam,
I will ne'er forget that blessed
Little path that leads me home.

LILAC BLOOMS

Sweet was the kiss of the singing breeze,
And rich was the lilacs' scent,
The Poet, a dreamer, lay
Content,
Content to dream,
Not of the winds and the swaying trees,
Nor of the regal purples, bent
By the spring-sent zephyrs of the May;
Ah! no,—not these,
But
Dreams of a full, untrammelled will,
Dreams of a body free from earth,
The Poet, the dreamer, dreamt,
Content
In the thoughts of a Universe to fill
With the hidden music of a higher worth
Than that for the earth-born meant.

Yet he saw in the blooms with a thousand parts,
In the purple and violet tones, and white,
A something beyond the ken
Of men,
Of mortal men;
The unfolding blossoms of the hearts
That had braved a winter's snows, and night,
And rejoiced with the Spring again;

His further dream

This:

That the countless flowers of the mortal soil

Had felt the kiss of the winds of Love,

With the world at peace once more,

Yes,

True peace!

And the racial blooms through a War's turmoil

Had bowed to the Perfect Will above,

To whispers that Hate foreswore!

Like an ocean's breast were the lilac flowers,

On the side of the hill he stood,

The Poet, the dreamer, saw

Entranced

The colored seas,

And oh! how he yearned for diviner powers,

He would right the world,—if he only could,

And rule by sublimer Law;

His God's

Infinite Law;

That the trees and the shrubs and the flowers know,

That the birds of the air and the bees obey,

That the moon and the sun and the stars hold fast;

Love!

God's Love;

The Law that made the lilacs grow,

That scented their tinted petals gay,

The Law that is unsurpassed!

The Poet, a Dreamer, still,

Content,

Content to dream.

I SHALL KNOW REST

Rest, rest;
Oh, for the golden rest to come,
Pillow of green, sweet moss and tangled grass,
Where fringed gentians wave with the zephyrs that
 blow,
Where the honey-rich thyme lures the bees' drowsy hum,
Where the birds of the June sing God's peace as they
 pass,
Where Nature shall phantom all sorrows I know;
This, this is the rest I seek.

Rest, rest;
I once saw the blue on a proud peacock's breast,
And its ocellate tail iridescent with gold,
(The sun lent a rainbow to add to its charm),
And I thought, what a pillow for me in my rest,
I would gather the plumes, oh, so ruthless and bold,
I would cluster the radiant blue in my arm
As down for the rest I seek.

Rest, rest;
In the infant's eyes was the wonder gleam,
And I sensed in its feeble gripping hand
Its voiceless alarms at the unknown things,
And I wondered if I, in a new world, would seem
Cowed by the scenes I could not understand,
Or lost in the wonder the Infinite brings,
Not ready for rest I seek.

Rest, rest;
Soul-Friend of mine, when true rest shall be earned,
And I shall deserve the green-sodded bed
With its marvelous sleep, and my wearied eyes close,
When the lesson of Death and its mission is learned,
Take the clay from my soul, and give me instead
The body that covers the scent of the rose,
Then, then comes the rest I seek!

LOVE'S MISTS

Rainbows shine when clouds have parted, but their brilliant colors seem
Dull beside the dazzling beauty of the love-mist's glint and gleam,
Mists that close on faults of dear ones, mists that blind prosaic thought,
Mists that capture blessed sunshine and reflect its brilliance caught,
Mists that cast a golden halo over shallow, darksome pools,
Mists that close on depths unfathomed, mists that bury deep the fools,
Golden mists when kissed by sunrise, silver mists when twilights close,
All surrounding, hiding secrets which are safe when but one knows.

Only when love's mists have lifted is mankind exposed to blame.
Only when the mists are broken is man's weakness known as shame,
Only on life's burning deserts, where such mists are quite unknown.
Do the faults, which men are prone to, naked stand and all alone.
Shame on those who flout the presence of Love's rainbow-tinted mist,
Shame on those who see no beauty in the lives its tints have kissed,
Shame, thrice shame on those who glory in the error brought to sight
Which had best been left enveloped in the mists of Love's delight.

THE HUMAN LINCOLN

God sometimes sends
From out His boundless treasure-house of life
A God-like man;
And when He gave
Unto our land the life we honor now,
He had a plan.

The times were ripe;
Men's troubled hearts cried out for one to lead,
One staunch and true,
And then arose
This human soul who fathered his great flock
As God would do.

Men clung on him
As the soft, white snow clings to the leafless trees
When Winter reigns;
His sorrows weighed
As the frosted down weights deep each naked bough
Which bends, sustains.

He knew men's hearts,
And, knowing them, he had no eyes for shame,
But saw their best;
His own great soul
Oft groaned in solitude for those he knew
Were sore oppressed.

When Strife's sharp claws
Had torn the States as wild-cats rend their prey,
He soothed each wound;
His was the hand
That loosed the shackles from a subject race,
The blacks unbound.

His spirit proved
That man is more than simply moulded dust;
He mirrored God;
And angels wept
With finite men when he was laid at rest
Beneath the sod.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

With the golden moonlight streaming
Through my window open wide,
I am all alone and dreaming,
And the past years seem to glide
Phantom-like before my vision,
Each and every one in turn,
Not a break nor an omission,
And for them my heart doth yearn.

Childhood's happy hours renewing,
'Neath the moon's soft, mystic spell,
And my memory's reviewing
Boyhood days I loved so well.
Days in which no thought of sorrow
Marred the joy which childhood knew,
When each glorious tomorrow
Opened a new world to view.

I can see a boy whose features
Much resemble those of mine,
Which, like other earth-born creatures,
Many traits seem to combine.

I can see him as he trudges
To that dear old village school;
I can see his skirted judges
Place him on a dunce's stool.

As I watch him mounting slowly,
Step by step and grade to grade,
I recall that great and lowly
Each the first same steps have made.
And each hope and aspiration
Which I own, came first to me
Through my teachers' inculcation
And their kindly amity.

I can hear the noisy prattle
Of his schoolmates when at play;
But to-day they're doing battle
With the world as best they may.
Some have gone to study under
Heavenly teachers of God's truth,
And tonight I can't but wonder
If they still retain their youth.

I remember, oh! so clearly,
Bright blue eyes and golden hair,
One boy's sweetheart, loved so dearly,
Who is now with angels there.
Winsome smiles and blushes beaming
On a bashful boy of twelve,
And the tears fall while I'm dreaming
Of the past in which I delve.

I can see a wreath of flowers
Resting lightly on a chair
Close beside him, where for hours
Sat this little maiden fair.
I can hear the subdued sobbing
Of a boy who'd lost a friend,

And tonight my heart is throbbing
With the memories that attend.

And I wonder when the ringing
School bell calls me to that shore,
Where are white-robed choirs singing,
I shall know her as of yore.
Will she be the same as childhood
Memories reveal her now,
Rompng through the field and wildwood,
Purity stamped on her brow?

Or, have girlhood's blossoms parted
To reveal a woman's soul,
Still endeavoring as it started
Towards a grand and lofty goal?
Was the thread of life here broken
Bound by God into Hope's strand,
Which should serve to us as token
Of that better promised land?

From the schoolroom window gazing
I can see a grassy hill,
Where the cattle now are grazing,
There the world seems calm and still.
Once again I view the river
Flowing sluggishly along,
Where the willow branches quiver,
Where I hear the robin's song.

I can see a kind face beaming
Full of happiness and joy,
And two sharp, bright eyes are gleaming,
Focused on a naughty boy.
They were owned by dear "Aunt Hannah,"
As we used to call her then,
Whose sweet, gentle, loving manner
Will ne'er be forgot by men.

I remember quite distinctly
How she used to punish boys,
How she often used to chide me
For my whispering and noise.
I was always quite loquacious
(Even now it's not outgrown),
And I think her efficacious
Punishment I will make known.

Every night as we were leaving
She commanded those to stay
Who deserved no kind reprieving,
Those who'd whispered through the day,
While she kept them busy learning
Poetry of every kind,
Who, before their homeward turning,
Verses five must have in mind.

So I think my love of rhyming
Must have been augmented quite
By the constant, measured timing
Of those poems every night.
Dear Aunt Hannah's now up yonder,
And I think that I can see
Good Saint Peter sit and ponder
Over classic poetry.

I can see a figure stately
Standing by the schoolroom door,
And I watch it move sedately
To the platform on the floor.
'Twas my dearly loved schoolmaster,
Who impressed me as a child
With a knowledge that was vaster
Than old Homer e'er compiled.

And tonight the moonlight streaming
Seems to cast his silhouette

On my mind as I am dreaming,
And his pose I'll ne'er forget;
One hand pointed to the ceiling.
With his form erect and grand
As he was to us revealing
Oratory's master-hand.

I can hear the windows rattle
From his deep and lusty tone,
As with Spartacus in battle
Making his fierce feelings known.
And the Storm King's mighty thunder
Seemed not half as loud to me
As that voice which we sat under
Learning vocal purity.

And whene'er I have occasion
To address my fellow men,
I remember his oration,
And old Spartacus again.
And I try to put real fire
Into everything I say,
Such as he aimed to inspire
In his pupils every day.

The old master still is living,
Very gray and somewhat bent,
And I know at times he's giving
To this burning fire vent.
And with truth I can assever
That the knowledge which he taught
Will inspire me forever
Towards the goal my soul has sought.

And the schoolhouse still is standing
Just a little from the street,
Where upon each step and landing
One can hear the children's feet.

But the charm for me is broken,
As I'm dreaming here alone,
Since each sweet and loving token
Of my past there now has flown.

Still, I love that quaint, old building,
And the golden moonbeams bright
Seem to flood its porches, gilding
Every corner with delight.
And I'll ne'er forget the teachings,
Ne'er forget that dunce's stool,
Nor my kind, old master's preachings
In that dear old village school.

MY EYES ARE YOUNG

Soft spake I to Age at his dusk of day,
"Wouldst tell me thy secret, friend?
Thy form is gaunt and thy locks are gray,
Yet Youth withal doth seem to lend
Its spring-time smile and thee attend,
Give me thy secret, pray."

And Age replied: "Seest thou yonder field
With its silk-weed pods now burst,
And the fine white threads by the frosts revealed,
Not yet by the winds dispersed,
Nor yet by the snows amerced,
Of their cradle-forming shield?

My locks are like down on the silk-weed, hung
To pods on the frost-killed reeds,
My limbs are like leaves to their dead stalks clung,
But my eyes are liked margined seeds,
Not scattered as yet to meads,
And my eyes like them are young."

Methought as I wended my way alone
And viewed all the silk-weeds strung
With their sloat-eyed seeds, and their down not blown,
Of the golden words of this age-wise tongue,
And I vowed to keep my eyes still young
When my youth with years had flown.

THINK ON EMPIRES

Many's the man who's fitted to lead
Progression's van and empires build,
Yet dribbles his time with things that impede
And obstruct the things which might be fulfilled
If he were but bold;
Many's the place which harbors the man
Who's fit to be king, yet by reason of doubt
Contented remains and does what he can
In some petty place with peasants about,
And rusts and grows old.

Many's the man whose parish has claimed
All of his might while the world waits and waits
For someone like him who can be inflamed
With zeal for its needs and whose strength animates
The dull, sluggish mass;

Many's the place, like Bethlehem small,
Least in world-fame, yet is destined to bring
From out of its midst a Ruler of all,
Crowned and acclaimed a Saviour and King,
Too great for one class.

Many's the man and many's the place
That needs to be roused to the things they can be;
Many's the land and many's the race
That offers a field for activity
When once they awake;
If men will but think on empires grand
Instead of on parishes petty and small,
Their minds will mature and their souls will expand,
And they will be ready to answer the call
The Future shall make!

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T

You can't be sick of living when you're working with
your might,
You can't be sad and lonesome when your heart with love
is light,
You can't fail to be thankful when you look around and
see
All the good things which surround you and God's liber-
ality;
You simply can't.

You can't be mean and selfish when you share the things
you own,
You can't be cold and heartless when the warmth of love
you've shown,
You can't be introspective when your eyes once view the
scene
Of a world of broken spirits and you realize what they
mean;
You simply can't.

You can't get out of patience when you sympathize with
 pain,
You can't be cross and peevish when you know your loss
 is gain,
You can't be slow or idle when your mind's responsive to
The great, glad world about you and the things which
 YOU might do;
 You simply can't.

You can't rule men with hatred when the power of love
 is proved,
You can't be hard or callous when you've let yourself be
 moved,
You can't refuse a beggar when beneath his rags you see
A brother man and heir to man's immortality;
 You simply can't.

You can't be rude to children when you've felt a sweet
 child's kiss,
You can't reprove the lonely when companionship you
 miss,
You can't be deaf to sorrow when you've drained its
 bitter cup
To the dregs and know the feeling of a hope that buoys
 you up;
 You simply can't.

You can't be irreligious when you ask and you receive,
You can't be dumb and silent when you trust and you
 believe,
You can't disguise God's presence when your soul is
 one with Him,
Be you midst the scenes of plenty or where poverty
 stalks grim;
 You simply can't.

BEAUTIFUL NIGHT

Oh beautiful night, oh, beautiful night,
How weak are mere words to express
The thoughts that arise in my soul by the sight
Of those charms which the earth doth possess.

The moon's bright reflection in the rippleless lake,
The trees, sombre shadows of dun,
The dark purple hills in the distance awake
The thought which in daytime I shun.

The myriad stars seem like holes in the sky
Where the glory of Heaven sifts through,
And that fantastic cloud I view scurrying by
Takes the shape of a swift kangaroo.

The soft, gentle zephyrs which rustle the trees
Seem to sing to my soul a sweet tune,
And my sub-conscious self is again at the knees
Of my mother, and lists to her croon.

I recall that sweet song which thrilled with delight
As she sang to a youngster of four,
"Oh, Mother, how pretty the moon is tonight,
It was never so pretty before."

I remember those eyes gazing up at the moon,
'Tis the same moon that now greets my sight,
And I choke back the tears as I hark to the tune
Of the whispering breezes of night.

And the ghosts of the past are now stalking abroad,
The mists of the valley take shape,
They wander the roads which in past years I've trod,
They now grip me, I cannot escape.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful night,
How weak are mere words to express
The thoughts that arise in my soul by the sight
Of those charms which the earth doth possess.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

Give me the quiet midnight hour
To pen my solemn thought,
'Tis then Creation's spirits tower
And come to me unsought;
Imagination tops them all,
And leads in by the hand
The king, men Inspiration call,
Who reigns in Poets' land.

The meanest herb in Nature's realm
At that time seems to be
Endowed with beauties which o'erwhelm
And puzzle even me.
The drivel which some rustic spoke
While old King Sol held sway,
Remembered now, serves to invoke
Some thoughts which went astray.

The moon, just peeping o'er the cloud,
I welcome as a friend,
Save him alone, there's none allowed
Their light with mine to blend;
I want no one to come between
The silence and my soul,
My Better Self's at midnight seen
And holds me in control.

The grating sounds of busy life
Are stilled, thank God! at last,
And Babel's tongues and Egypt's strife
Seem ages in the past.
I need no books to create themes,
I need no mentor's word,
My conscience rules, and genius gleams,
And God's own voice is heard.

"THE TIME OF THE SINGING BIRD IS COME"

Be still, my soul, in silence hark
To raptured songs of pure delight
From spring-birds on their winged flight,
The mellow flute of meadow-lark
With sequent notes rings clear and light,
And breaks the spell of Winter's night;
Oh, join in song, my soul!

The red-wings on the brown marsh gleam,
Their intermingled pipes are heard
In golden concert registered;
The phœbe haunts the woodland stream,
On listening brooks its song's conferred
And sweet the cadence of its word;
Oh, join in song, my soul!

The grass-finch in the twilight sings
The sombre song of closing day,
He sings the passing sun to stay;
The white-throat sparrow's carolings
Reflect the joy of runaway
From unloved climes, a bird's hooray;
Oh, join in song, my soul!

The robins and the blue-birds call,
 The veery cheeps rich melody,
 And echoes mock the chickadee;
 The God of Spring hath sent them all,
 And in their tuneful harmony
 My future Spring sings out to me;
 Oh, join in song, my soul!

THE JUDAS-WINDS ON CODMAN HILL

Good friend, know you of Codman Hill,
 In Dorchester, old Dorchester?

'Twas there
 The mild November day I spent
 Till twilight shadows grew and lent
 To sappling trees a measurement
 That years might not fulfil.
 The Judas-Winds that kiss,—betray,
 And steal the leaves in Fall's array,
 Were mellowed by the sun this day,
 And bore no season's chill.

Behold!
 The sun, a ball of crimson gold,
 Another day as fair foretold,
 But, oh! my soul was not consoled,
 It fain would stay the light;
 It sensed in even's murk and gloom
 The shadowed death of primehood's bloom,
 It caught the odors of the tomb
 Borne on the breeze of night.

A boy
In yester-years, I've not forgot
I goaded kine on yonder lot
Close by, the brook's moss banks I've sought
For tender flowers of spring.
The southern slope, near where I stood,
We used to know as Morton's Wood,
A paradise-like neighborhood
To boys with soul a-wing.

And oh!
I well remember gypsy bands
That camped upon the sloping lands,
They read one's future in the hands,
And traded basket ware;
The mill-folk in the village near
Would double lock their doors in fear
Lest some nomadic hag appear
And steal their treasures rare.

This night
The Judas-Winds on Codman Hill
That kissed my cheek, soft blowing, still
Like Magyar tribes, who stole at will,
They robbed me of my joy;
They took the jewels of my past,
And blew away to ages vast
The treasure-stores that once were massed
Within the heart of boy.

Good friend,
I'll go no more on Codman Hill,
In Dorchester, old Dorchester.

For there
I saw the hopes of youthful years
Blown on the winds of doubts and fears,

The whirling leaves that Autumn seres
Were prayers of mine, now dead;
But, oh! if you will climb the slope
With staff in hand and telescope,
The winds that made me misanthrope
May bring you joy instead.

THE SECOND MILE

Has it been your lot to meet
One who's gracious, kind and sweet,
One who greets you on the street
With a smile?
Have you found a friend, unpressed,
Giving all at Love's behest,
And who goes without request
One more mile?

Do *you* give that extra touch,
Prove a favor not as such,
But a pleasure wished for, much,
And worth while?
Do *you* add sweet grace and charm,
Lend refusals soothing balm,
Go in spirit arm in arm
One more mile?

'Tis the little acts, my friend,
Simple arts which oft-times blend
Happiness with deeds, and lend
Grace and style;
Wealth and fame are poor beside
Such a charm, and vain is pride,
Love will ever prompt and guide
One more mile.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Who is my neighbor? He of whom 'tis said
That I must love e'en as my very self,
And act unto as Good Samaritan
In time of need? Does this imply that he
Whose latticed porch is shadowed by the sun
Upon my walk has the first claim on me
For love and help? Or is it he who comes
Each day with me in contact on the mart
Within the town? Oh, foolish soul to ask!
My neighbor is the world and all therein;
The lowly, poor, the struggling, troubled heart,
The sick, the lame, and they whom sorrow rules
Are neighbors all to me—and I should strive
To prove my love to them in everything.

DISAPPOINTMENT

I said I had a friend,
 A worthy friend;
I gauged him by his daily word,
I plumed myself on strength inferred
As lent by him; somehow he heard
My need was great. Did aught he ever lend?
 Not he;
I lost my friend!

I said I had a friend,
 A kindly friend;
I proved him seemingly to ring
Like purest gold, and friendship's seasoning
Seemed evidenced. I bade him hear me sing
My burdened song. Think you he did attend?
 Not he;
I lost my friend!

I said I had no friend,
 No sincere friend;
I knew not friendship's sweetest bliss
Was near to me,—my sweetheart's kiss
Redeemed false loves. Not now I miss
My erstwhile friends. Think you *she* could pretend?
 Not she;
I have a friend!

THE LAND OF MEMORY

Where is the Land of Memory,
 The land of long ago?
Is it some isle on Love's deep sea
 Where everlastings grow?
Are shining stars with twinkling light
 The peep-holes in its floor?
Or was the sunset of last night
 Its brilliant, golden door?

There is no death in Memory,
 But all is life and joy,
And innocence and purity
 Our baser thoughts destroy;
We see the soul and not the clay,
 The God, and not the man,
And what seemed dross but yesterday
 Proves gold within the pan.

And age and youth in Memory
 Are welded into one,
The dim shades of futurity
 Reflect its setting sun.

No storm-king rules with tyrant hand,
No lightnings rift its sky,
Its outskirts border Heaven's land,
And God is ever nigh.

I love the Land of Memory,
The bright thoughts of the past
Take shape tonight and come to me
From out the Unknown, vast;
The dear ones that have gone before
Are wakened from their sleep;
Whene'er I knock on Memory's door
They bid me not to weep.

I've found the Land of Memory,
The fairest land of all,
The bluebirds flit from tree to tree,
I hear the linnet's call;
And lilies bloom so pure and white,
Sweet fragrance they impart.
Oh, Memory's Land is my delight,
I've found it in my heart.

THE SERMON OF THE LILIES

In the beauty of the lilies we can see the love of God. They, without a conscious effort, rise supreme above the sod, clothed in purest tints of glory, fed by springs sent from above, each a Message of Creation, each an emblem of His love.

O ye souls that doubt and falter, here is Truth sublime, that lives in the lilies kissed by Heaven, proving Love divine He gives; are ye not of much more moment than the lilies of the field? Yea, believe, and Faith returneth more than fondest hopes can yield.

THE DOCTOR

The Doctor! How that name doth call to mind
A train of thoughts, some painful, some sublime,
And visions rise of grim Death put to rout
By his great skill. No hero of the past
Deserves to be acclaimed, or wear a crown
More than doth he. For him no sacrifice
Has been too great; no deed too small to claim
His noblest thought. His duty stands supreme.
On his broad shoulders there is placed a load
So great, which, were we called to share, we'd cry
Aloud in agony and pain,—and yet
No sign or word doth emanate from him,
He doth not show by outward countenance
The burdens of humanity he bears.

I watch him as he sits beside the bed
Of a sick child. The mother with her hands in prayer
In dumb appeal aloft entreats God's help.
The father with a soul too full of grief
To shed a tear is close beside her there.
And he alone of all reflects a calm
Like unto that which stills the ocean's deeps
Ere they are lashed by furies of the storm.
I see the yellow lamp-light gleam and spread
Its brilliant rays which seem to tinge with gold
Each little curl that nestles 'round the head
Of the sick babe. No smile plays o'er those lips
Made redder by the fever's burning course.
E'en hope seems dead;—and yet, to him, there's hope.

Again my memory doth reveal a scene,
A happy, thankful scene of joy which shows
A doctor's hope made real, an answered prayer;
Two grateful hearts whose benisons descend
Upon his head. I see a child who bursts
Into the picture with its arms outstretched,

With smiles upon those lips where fever raged.
I see two arms around the doctor's neck
In child-like love; and all is peace and joy.
I read a doctor's heart as he departs,
Anxiety and care have furrowed deep.
That heart has bled and wept in solitude,
And no one knew. And now *its* prayers ascend
In thanks to God who stayed Death's fearful hand.

I go with him upon his daily round
To other homes where sickness and despair
Are crouching low, like monsters of the wood
Who snatch life's travellers as they tread the road.
And in them all he's treated just as if
He bore within his palm the spark of life,
And could bestow on all who asked of him
The boon of health and happiness and peace.
I watch him in the fierce storm's height go forth
With no thought of himself or rest's desire,
And answer duty's call with a sweet smile
Which cheered and brightened every soul in sight,
And never do I hear a word that breathes
A discontented syllable aloud.

* * * * *

O Doctor, there's a regal crown for you,
And when the Great Physician calls you home
You'll find a robe of iridescent cloth
Is weaved for you from out the tears of love
Which have been shed by those you've blest on earth,
You'll find a place that Christ Himself has made
And has reserved for you. He went about
As you do now, and healed the sick and lame,
And He has granted you the skill and might
To emulate Him in your work of love.
And every morn our prayers on high shall rise
To bless you as you go upon your way,
And never will you lack an earthly friend
While we are living in this finite world.

JUST A SIMPLE LITTLE FLOWER

Just a simple little flower
Wet with morning dew and shower,
Blest with potent, mystic power
 To dispel
Gloom and sorrow from the faces
Of the poor in cheerless places,
And the sweetest heart it graces
 Oh, so well.

Just a simple little flower
Never missed from Nature's bower,
Yet it cheered a darkened hour
 And beguiled
For a day a fever-ridden,
Helpless soul in slum-life hidden,
Where sweet gardens are forbidden
 To a child.

Just a simple little flower
Rifts with sunshine clouds that lower,
And disperses glooms which tower
 Mountains high,
Even kings can ne'er be knowing
Greater joys that its bestowing
To the child of sorrow showing
 Bright blue sky.

WHIRLWINDS

The deepest dregs of direst woe
Are drained in time by those who sow
The whirlwinds.

You cannot glean from woman's tears
Repentance for the misspent years
In whirlwinds.

The idler's sport, the gambler's dice,
The moments spent in foolish vice,
Are whirlwinds.

Neglected hearts, forgotten pride,
And perverse thoughts are things that ride
On whirlwinds.

And Love's bold wings are much too weak
To soar on winds of which we speak,
These whirlwinds.

Its pinions spread are blown away
And lost forever and a day
By whirlwinds.

God help the fool that thinks that he
Can sow and reap successfully
All whirlwinds.

SWEET ABBIE AT THE SPRING

I have read of sculptured beauties
Carved by Phidias of old,
With hands and feet of ivory,
With draperies of gold;
But to me he never equaled
The grace which seems to cling
To the picture of sweet Abbie
A-drinking at the spring.

I have read the odes of Horace
And have marvelled at his art,
And the sweet love-songs of Sappho
Have found echoes in my heart,
But the music of these poets
And the love of which they sing
Seem but dross compared with Abbie
A-drinking at the spring.

Her simple gown of muslin
More regal was to me
That ermine robes of princes
In courts across the sea.
No artist ever painted
For potentate or king
A picture quite like Abbie
A-drinking at the spring.

The rusted, battered dipper,
When raised to her pure lips.
Was filled with nectar sweeter
Than that which Bacchus sips.
No hand-wrought cup of silver
Could recollections bring
Like the dipper used by Abbie
A-drinking at the spring.

Her laughing eyes reflected
The liquid depths below,
And as I stood and watched them
My heart was steeped in woe;
Alas for me! I'm married,
And bound as with a string,
I must not think of Abbie
A-drinking at the spring.

I AM ONLY DREAMING, DREAMING

Golden hair and laughing eyes,
Wealth of beauty which men prize,
Ruby lips and form divine,
No, they never can be mine,
I am only dreaming, dreaming,
With the golden moonlight streaming
Through my study door.

Just a boy I seem to be,
Happy as a lark and free,
Rompng through the wooded dell
With the one I love so well,
But I'm only dreaming, dreaming,
With the golden moonlight gleaming
Through my study door.

Why, oh why, must I awake,
And my pleasant dreams forsake,
Wake and find denied to me
All but grave reality?
Know I'm only dreaming, dreaming,
With the golden moonlight beaming
Through my study door.

THE MOON, THE CLOUDS AND THE WIND

The moon would shine on the earth below,
But the clouds said "Nay,"
They'd tease her by rifting an inch or so,
They'd mock her by thinning their depths, and crow
When the angry moon its choler would show
In its dismay.

The moon then whistled the wind to come,
And begged its aid,
It came with a rush, and roar, and hum,
It came in a mood so quarrelsome
That the naughty clouds were all struck dumb,
And were afraid.

They scampered away like frightened mice,
And then for this
The moon paid the wind its usual price
For using its blust'ring, fierce device
To scatter such pest'ring clouds in a trice,
A golden kiss.

MY BUTTERFLY

As the butterfly held in the mesh of the net,
So have I caught you, darling, at last,
'Twas a right merry chase which I'll never forget
You led me in days which are past.

Your poor little wings are worn out with the flight,
They were strong and defiant at start,
But now they're outstretched as a proof of Love's might
And are pinned on the walls of my heart.

But, unlike the insect which dies when impaled,
Your capture and pinions have seemed
To invigorate life, and my heart is assailed
With regrets such as I've never dreamed.

I know I've no right to steal you away,
You were happy when sipping the dew
From the sweet-scented rose and the hyacinths gay
Which God must have meant just for you.

But wantons like me never think till too late,
Nor regret till regrets are in vain,
We pluck where we will and we quarrel with Fate
When denied the things we would gain.

I'm sorry if I, in my long, cruel race,
To capture so pretty a thing,
Have forgot all but self and delights of the chase,
And the hopes which a capture might bring.

But there,—never mind, I shall set you free;
Look! here are the pins in my hand,
If you will, you may fly to your flowers, and be
The same rainbow queen of the land.

What! staying around when you might go your way?
'Tis madness, O Butterfly mine,
Did I crush your poor wings so you really must stay
And weep for the past that was thine?

No, no, pretty one, love heals every wound,
I've guessed why you stay,—'tis just this:
There's honey as sweet as in flowerets found
Which lies in the depth of a kiss!

THE BLAME

Men couple her name with sin and with shame,
They sneer as she passes them by,
Yes, they do, brother mine, yes, they do,
But she not alone is deserving of blame,
Has she fallen much lower than I,
Or than you, brother mine, or than you?

We helped her along the vice-cobbled road,
We made it alluring and grand,
Yes we did, brother mine, yes we did,
And coward-like now, we turn and we goad,
And the shelter of home to such of her brand
We forbid, brother mine, we forbid.

We forced her to slave for a pittance a day,
It was hard, by the gods! it was hard,
So she cried, brother mine, so she cried,
We cabined her soul and we stifled its play,
We fed her on husks and all pleasures we barred,
She 'most died, brother mine, she 'most died.

We licensed the hell that meant ruin to her,
Maybe we put wine to her lips,
Did we thus, brother mine, did we thus?
We tempted, she fell, and when once she did err,
We drove and we scourged her with whips
Far from us, brother mine, far from us.

We closed every path that led to the right,
We locked every door of return,
Was it wise, brother mine, was it wise?
And with hypocrite hearts and with tongues all polite
We buried our sins in an urn
Made of lies, brother mine, made of lies.

She has paid the price, and we have gone free,
'Twas always that way in this world,
What a shame, brother mine, what a shame!
The onus of such falls upon you and me,
At Judgment this truth will be hurled,
We're to blame, brother mine, we're to blame!

THE DAWN

Shimmering, glimmering, mystical Dawn,
Herald art thou of the birth of the morn,
Robed in thy gown bespangled with dew,
Flushed is thy cheek with a deep crimson hue,
Golden thy locks and blue is thine eye,
Sweet are my thoughts when thy charms I desery.

Gloom in my heart at thy coming takes wings,
Joy sees thy smile and exultingly sings,
Memory sleeps and dead is the past,
Yester-year's hopes like an army are massed,
Strengthened, I leap with a power new-born,
Loosed from my doubts, I welcome thee, Dawn.

THE LAND OF SHADOWS

The Land of Shadows is the Land of Dreams,
The realms of the "Might have been,"
And it lies just beyond the mountains called "Schemes,"
It is close to the land of "Begin";
Their shores do not meet, though the roseate rays
Of the sunshine of Hope oft have shone
On them both in the dawn, but it lights up the days
Of the Land of "Begin" alone.

The Land of Shadows is the Land of Death,
It looms on the great sea of Life
Like a mirage of Hell, yet it's lost in a breath
When it's touched by the winds of strife;
'Tis peopled by ghosts of the wrecks of mankind,
'Tis watered by Lethean springs,
No flowers grow there and no trees will you find,
And never a bird sweetly sings.

The Land of Shadows is the Land of Shame,
The shame of our imperfect wills,
Where impulses burst for a moment in flame,
And die ere they light up the hills;
I'd much rather live in the Land of "Begin,"
Where dreams and where doubts are unknown,
Where the gods of the land bid men rise up and win
Through the strength of affirming alone.

THE WOMAN IN MY ARMS

As the soft white down of the wild duck's wing
Or the gossamer webs which the spiders fling
In filmy tangle beside the spring

So light are the weights of love;
And my weakling arms are as bands of steel
When my sweetheart's form in their clasp I feel,
For the gods give strength to a lover's zeal
And smile from their heights above.

For my loved one's kiss and her soft caress
Dispel every tinge of my weariness
Brought on by a day of bitterness

In the marts where the slavish toil;
And her gentle voice with its liquid strain
Seems Lethean like to each seeming pain,
And drives from my mind every trouble profane
And thought of the day's turmoil.

Here's a kiss, my love, with a silent prayer,
Which, granted, shall yield you blessings so fair
That naught with your happiness e'er shall compare

While God gives you life on earth;
My arms I'll extend to encircle your soul,
A refuge for you when storm billows roll,
My heart shall I keep for your fullest control
As tribute to womanhood's worth.

WHISPERING FLOWERS

Whispering flowers, murmuring hours,
Nodding and sighing to us as you grow,
 Bowing and bending,
 Sweet perfume lending,
 Zephyrs attending
Which softly blow.

Tell me your story, whence comes your glory,
Why are your petals with color aglow?
 Have you been stealing
 Hues from earth's ceiling,
 And them revealing
To us below?

Sunrise and sunset, cobalt and roset,
All have been merged and in you overflow,
 Each color gleaming
 Reflects the streaming
 Sun in its beaming,
Radiant bow.

When Nature fashioned in love impassioned,
Did she intend just your beauty to show?
 In your gay dressing
 Was she not blessing
 Us by expressing
Love which we know?

SUNSET IN TREASURE VALLEY

The golden stream reflects the gleam
Of sunset on the hills,
The waters glide in peace beside
A land which nature tills.
No dark clouds loom with wrathful gloom
To mar the gorgeous sight,
The whispering trees rocked by the breeze
Have kissed the sun good-night
Again in Treasure Valley.

The herded sheep in grasses deep
No longer roam the vale,
The rising moon gives light that soon
Will flood each hill and dale.
The barn-yard fowl and beasts that prowl
Have sought their covered nooks,
No singing bird is seen or heard
Where flows the babbling brooks,
'Tis night in Treasure Valley.

Enraptured, I view earth and sky
In glorious ecstasy,
For this is life, here is no strife,
But all is harmony.
I fain would stay by night and day
By Golden River's lands,
When sets my sun and life is done
I'd rest beneath its sands
For aye in Treasure Valley.

LINES TO THE BOSTON Y. M. C. A.

On the laying of the corner-stone of the New Building,
October 3, 1912.

A signed copy of this poem was deposited in the corner-stone box of the Y. M. C. A. Building

Thou mighty force which builds today and well
A fitting home to give expression to
Thy noble work which has no parallel
In this our day; we pledge to thee anew
Our strength, our love; and fervently we pray
That He Whose life has been thy glowing light
Will bless these walls which symbolize the way
Thou doest good,—the way of building *right*

Builder in men of character sublime,
Whose life outlasts such monuments as these
Which must give way to all-destroying Time
Despite their strength, and fall when Age decrees,
Thy work shall last; thy noblest building stands
Defying all the elements and e'en Eternity,
It is a house that was not made by hands,
Its cornerstone,—the Holy Trinity.

Teacher of Truth, men's bodies thou hast shown
To be the biding place of greater things
Than e'er were dreamed, or by our fathers known,
The gods of health, long bound by custom's strings;
Thou makest men where brutes had seemed to dwell,
Thou findest depths where shallows heretofore
Had marked Life's sea;—thou always builded well
For no reward but Love,—received no more.

If all the deeds which glorify thy past
Were marked by stones and built within this wall,
The World would stand amazed because so vast
Would be this pile that naught could hold it all;

Were half the things made possible through thee,
Or quarter known, thy name would ring for aye
Through unborn years, and men thy worth would see,
And pray the Lord thy strength to amplify.

Rise up, ye walls, your heads in splendor lift,
No grander heritage than yours I ken,
For you shall house God's greatest, noblest gift
To mortal kind—the gift to work for men.
Build strong, ye builders, typify in stone
The divine attitude which marks the past,
The sacrificial spirit, which alone
Has made this great Association last.

THE FINISHED HOUSE

Written for the Dedication of the New Boston
Y. M. C. A. Building

The finished house. The realized dream of those
Who bore the brunt of pioneering toil
Midst darkened hours of doubt and stern resolve
And saw it loom as Jacob viewed the steps
Loom high to Heaven; whose prayers moved mountain
rocks
Of men's indifference.

Behold it now!
Complete it stands—complete, yet not complete,
Each brick within its bounds marks sacrifice
Of earnest souls who moulded flesh and blood
Into its chrysalis. Its heritage
So grand, so rich, must equalled be by deeds
Ere it doth stand complete.

How proud it gleams!

A conscious pride. Its form seems animate
And breathing hope of future worth and place.
It feels the blood of Service course and run
Within its veins,—the purest, richest blood,
Drawn from its pristine source, the Master's heart,
The Sacrificial Lamb.

God's proven wealth!

The Book of Life. Its gold of knowledge shines
Within these walls, and needs no alchemist
To bare its sheen; no mint to coin its form
For earthly use. The struggling soul's desire
Is here fulfilled. Save immortality,
No greater boon exists.

The earth-clay's needs!

God's temple, loaned, herein finds strength renewed.
The deep, sore wounds of worldly conflict heal
As though some potent talisman had charmed
And cured straightway. The almost-man here finds
His nature's needed vent. The streams of life
Pulsate and flow within.

O God of Hosts!

This finished house we dedicate to Thee!
We pledge its service and its inherited strength
Unto Thy cause. Yet not in vaunting pride
We offer this. We but return a tithe
For measures granted us. Bless Thou this house,
O God of Hosts! Amen.

THE YARN OF THE "BILLOWS QUEEN"

While resting in a quiet park
One sultry summer day,
I heard a grizzled tar's remark,
And turned my gaze his way.
His tone, his walk, his style, his look
Betrayed the sailor bold,
His bent and crooked body shook
As he this story told.

Before him, seated in a row,
Were children half a score,
I saw their faces flush and glow
Because of treats in store,
And I could not but overhear
The gray-haired mariner,
As he told of his life's career
I played the listener.

He sat upon the grassy sod
And puffed his pipe of clay,
And with a wink and knowing nod
To me, I heard him say:
"Yo ho, my hearty crew, yo ho,
A story will I tell
Which none but me its truth doth know,
Indeed, I know it well.

'Twas in the year of '61,
I never shall forget,
And though full fifty years have gone,
Its memory haunts me yet.

I sailed upon the 'Billows Queen,'
A good ship, staunch and bold,
A trimmer craft I ne'er have seen,
Nor e'er hope to behold.

A goodly crew we had on board,
Nigh thirty robust tars,
Our Captain was by all adored,
He knew each harbor's bars.
We hoisted sail at Boston Town,
Bound to the Afrie shore,
And in our hold was battened down
A hundred casks or more.

Each cask contained old Medford rum
To cheer the Hottentot,
And I'll confess that often some
Of us its good cheer sought.
We'd scarce been out three days at sea
When stormy winds awoke
The ocean from its reverie
And did its rage provoke.

The waves they ran like mountains high,
We thought our doom was sealed,
The lightnings flashed from out the sky,
And our bare poles revealed.
We rode first on the highest crest,
Then sank into the trough,
No voice was heard in laughing jest,
No one was known to scoff.

We prayed the saints as ne'er before,
With fervor not outdone,
And some got mixed and loudly swore,
For prayers they had learned none.

I heard the bos'n rant and eurse,
I heard the mate revile,
And what the Captain said was worse
In fluency and style.

The wind it blew us off our course
Almost a thousand knots,
Unto the North with frightful force
To cold and unknown spots.
We soon were in the Arctic climes,
Where icebergs could be seen,
All threatening to smash at times
Our good ship 'Billows Queen.'

That storm had lasted most a week
Ere we could see the blue
And smiling sky, though we did seek
Each day the sun anew;
And when at last it shone out bright,
We danced in ecstacy,
But suddenly we saw a sight
Which stopped our shouts of glee."

The old man paused and looked around
The quiet little group,
Who sat upon the grassy mound,
An interested troupe,
With rounded eyes and faces white
They listened eagerly,
And to be frank, he did excite
My curiosity.

They waited for him to renew
His story of the sea,
And as he filled his pipe anew
The old man winked at me.

I saw a twinkle in his eye,
I heard him chuckle low,
As he commenced to amplify
And make his story grow.

“Our good ship’s bow was headed south
When lo! abaft the beam,
We stared with widely open mouth
And saw the sunlight gleam
Upon an ice-encrusted mast
A league or more away,
An ancient craft bound hard and fast
Full many an Arctic day.

Although we knew full well our plight,
We luffed her, then hove to,
And launched our boats with all our might,
And towards the wreck we drew.
The air was bitter, bitter cold,
’Twas forty, quite, below,
For miles around we could behold
The white and crusted snow.

We stepped upon the icy main,
And o’er its tortuous grind
We struggled on with fear and pain,
The whiteness made us blind.
The way seemed longer, too, by far
That we had deemed it so,
But nearer loomed that naked spar
Which beckoned us to go.

With fearful hearts we toward it drew,
Our party numbered ten,
The bravest of our goodly crew,
All sturdy, stalwart men.

We climbed the ragged, icy peaks,
We wrested with the snow,
The wind it slashed and cut our cheeks,
'Twas fierce to undergo.

An hour brought us to the wreck,
An ancient craft was she,
We clambered quickly on her deck
With all our energy.
We noted everything in sight
From forecastle to aft,
To see if anything there might
Be salvage on the craft.

But all was still and like a tomb,
Though as we gazed around
We noted that despite her doom
Her timbers were all sound.
We knew she must have been at least
A hundred odd years old,
And since her active days had ceased
Full seventy-five were told.

The rigging, what was left of it,
Was of an ancient style,
And nothing outward did befit
Our needs or seem worth while.
We forced the frozen deck house door,
And entered one by one,
The Captain's room first to explore
Ere we the hold begun.

And I was first of all of those
Who entered in that place,
I tripped and fell, and as I rose
I gazed into a face.

'My God!' I cried, for sitting there
Before me I could see
A frozen man in an old chair,
Alive, he looked to be.

And in that dim, uncertain light
His eyes shone with a glare
At me, as if to ask what right
I had to enter there.
And question why I dared intrude
In such an awkward way,
With manners that were very rude
And ignorance display.

But sailors have no time to fear,
And we all gathered round
The grewsome sight with oath and jeer
To learn what could be found.
There in a corner I espied,
Stretched out as if asleep,
A maiden fair, who must have died
While in a slumber deep.

A prettier lass I've never seen,
Although death robbed her bloom,
A frozen smile was on her mien,
Which seemed to light the room.
Methought that eighteen years had rolled
Ere this catastrophe
O'erwhelmed her, and the bitter cold
Had stilled her youthful glee.

The dress of both the man and maid
Was of a period known
When George the Third his hosts arrayed
Against our valiant own.

The furniture bespake the day
When Paul Jones did his share
To drive the British fleet away
In fear and dire despair.

No other bodies did we find,
Although we searched right well,
And each of us the cause opined
The reason we could tell.
The coward crew which manned the boat
Had taken to the sea
When icy storms the vessel smote
With dreadful cruelty.

We found the vessel's log and read,
She was the 'Polly Q,'
And hailed from New York Port, it said,
In seventeen eighty-two;
And she was bound to old Bordeaux
To fill her hold with wine,
And in her cargo down below
Were silks and cottons fine.

We had no mind to carry off
Such cargo on the ice
O'er ragged peaks and hollowed trough,
We had no sledge device;
But up I spake and said we ought
In decency to take
The frozen dead and them allot
A grave of Christian make.

I laugh whene'er I think of how
We tried to lift the male
From his cold seat, and even now
I laugh to tell the tale."

CRADLED MOONS

The old man paused again and roared,
His body shook and swayed,
“Ha, ha,” he cried, “words can’t record
The sight that poor corpse made.”

He slapped his right knee, then his left,
And then slapped both at once,
He laughed until he was bereft
Of breath and utterance.
I waited for him to resume,
The children waited, too,
Until he would again presume
To start his tale anew.

And soon again with nod and wink
To me the old man spoke,
“Ha, ha! ho, ho! what do you think
Such laughter would provoke?
For he was frozen hard and fast,
We pulled with might and main,
And suddenly the old chair smashed
Beneath the awful strain.

The poor corpse fell upon the floor
With a tremendous crash,
And when he struck, into a score
Of bits his limbs did smash.
His arms and legs flew everywhere,
His poor nose went askew,
And for a while I do declare
We broken up were, too.

We let the scattered fragments lie,
And ruefully essayed
With tender hands and greatest care
To lift the frozen maid.

We chopped her dresses from the floor,
And gently raised her high,
And up the stairs and through the door
We went with anxious sigh.

We left the poor, old 'Polly Q,'
Right glad was I for one
To leave the craft, and all the crew
Were glad their work was done.
And soon we reached the rugged coast,
Where, riding safe, was seen,
With sails all furled, our pride and boast.
The good ship 'Billows Queen.'

We launched our boat and tenderly
We laid our burden down,
But spite our care I awkwardly
A piece broke from her gown,
For happening to turn around
I spied two polar bears
Approaching us with leap and bound
To take us unawares.

In haste we shoved off from the shore,
And grabbed our oars again,
For well we knew what was in store
If we stayed on the main.
We had no guns or such on board,
And but a single knife,
And every man the thought abhorred
Of giving up his life.

The bears rushed toward our launching place
And with a roar and leap
They tumbled in and gave us chase
As we sped o'er the deep.

But, spite our speed, we could not cope
With either hungry brute,
We'd almost given up all hope,
So swift was their pursuit.

We saw their eyeballs flash and glare,
We saw their cruel teeth,
We watched them with a resigned stare,
And hardly dared to breathe.
The foremost beast was but a rod
Or two behind us, when
I heard a crash, and cried, 'My God!'
A swordfish rammed us then.

The sword it barely grazed my ear,
It lifted up our prow,
I snatched a rope and spite my fear
I tied it to the bow.
The fish it struggled with its might
To draw its sword-point out,
And backward swam in rapid flight,
We gave a lusty shout.

For in its haste it drew us fast
Straight towards the 'Billows Queen,'
The bears in speed were both outclassed,
, 'Twas easy to be seen.
The men on board our valiant ship
Had heard the noise we made,
Amazed, they watched our rowboat skip,
Their wonder they displayed.

The poor fish could not see the boat,
And bumped into its side,
So great its speed that when it smote
The 'Billows Queen' it died.

With willing hands men lent us aid
To reach our good ship's deck,
And gently raised the frozen maid
We'd brought off from the wreck.

They carried her with softened tread
Into the galley, where
They laid her down upon a bed
Beside the fire's glare,
And I was detailed from the men
To watch and see that she
Did not get burned and to tell when
A-thawed she seemed to be.

They filled a flagon to the brim
From out the vessel's store
To keep my spirits in good trim,
I could not ask for more.
The room was warm, and soon I fell
Into a slumber deep,
I must have dreamed, for with a yell
I woke from out my sleep.

I glanced towards where the maiden lay
And by the fire's light
I saw her move an arm away
With just a motion slight.
I scarce believed what my eyes saw,
It could not be, I said,
That she would flout Dame Nature's law
And come back from the dead.

I loudly called unto the crew,
Who came upon the run,
And they stood round and watched her, too,
Aye, every mother's son,

And soon a leg she moved, and then
We saw an eyelash wink,
Ere long she moved an arm again,
We knew not what to think.

Then up there spake a sailor bold,
And said we ought to pour
A glass of spirits down her hold,
And then perhaps some more.
We put some brandy in a glass,
Enough for two good nips,
And when we fed it to the lass
She smiled and smacked her lips.

She soon thawed out and seemed as well
As any maid could be,
And none the worse for what befell
Her in the Arctic sea;
And she could not believe that most
Four-score years had flown by
Since they were wrecked upon that coast
Beneath the northern sky.

She thought she'd only fell asleep
Upon the cabin floor,
And hoped to rise with the first peep
Of daylight through the door.
She told us of the dastard crew
And of her father bold,
Whom we broke up into a few
Odd thousand pieces, cold.

The Captain in his gallantry
Gave up his room to her,
And all the crew did vie to see
Which one she would prefer.

And though in years she was quite old,
'Twas easily observed
That Time its imprints did withhold,
And left her well preserved.

I was a stalwart, handsome lad,
And soon I saw her eyes
Were cast on me with glances glad
With no thought of disguise.
And though I was but twenty-three
And she was ninety-eight,
I loved her true, and she loved me,
To marry was our fate.

And when we got to Boston town
We found a preacher good
With book in hand and surplice gown,
Who spliced us as he should,
And oftentimes she sailed with me
Upon the 'Billows Queen,'
We weathered many a storm and sea,
And life was all serene.

Full forty years we happy were,
And then she up and died,
While ever since I have mourned her,—
She was my joy and pride.
Although she was not very young,
She never looked her age,
But she knew how to hold her tongue
And save my seaman's wage.

* * * * *

And now, my hearty lads, I've done,
My yarn is finished quite,
So run along in play and fun
And frolic in delight."

The old man rose upon his cane,
And with another wink
To me he said, "It looks like rain,
The wind is east, I think."

And as he started off to go,
A child's voice piped, "I wish
The old man had a let us know
What they did with the fish."
And even I would like to learn
If swordfish steak was seen
Upon the mess-cloth near the stern
Of the good ship "Billows Queen."

TO AN OLD, OLD BOOK

To what strange chance, thou sere and yellow book,
Am I indebted for thy presence here?
Who brought thee forth from thy obscurity
And bade the ribald present pause and look
Upon the confined wisdom of a year
Long since engulfed in the Eternity?

Thou'rt but a link in the forged chain of Time
Which fetters cycles and an eon's years,
Methink'st thy hoop hath welded been of gold,
And binds thy past to present days of mine,
Nor weights my soul with joyless, doleful fears,
Thy wisdom taught cannot for aye grow old.

THE SONG OF THE RUSHING FLOOD

I have burst the bonds of my gaoler, Man,
I, the captive that was, am free,
Untrammelled I surge, and I laugh at his plan
To hold me by dam or levee;
I uproot and crush everything in the rush
Of my waters as onward they flow,
And I laugh to behold my jailor of old
As he races to hill and plateau!

Man has bound me long in the grip of his hand,
On my bosom his white fleets I bore,
I have ground his corn, I illumined his land,
And for naught have I garnered his store;
But now I am freed, each bound is a reed,
To me and the power I own,
I mine and tear down every city and town,
And I chortle when man I dethrone!

My comrades in arms are Tornado and Flame,
And Famine tracks close on our heels,
For the mischief we do man himself is to blame,
The wood-lands he foolishly peels;
For man is a fool, and he dams me by rule,
He builds on the edge of my realm,
And he never can learn to prepare ere I turn
And scourge with my might, and o'erwhelm!

Oh, I come with a rush and a roar and bound,
No power can stay nor defy,
And lest weakling man seeks the rise of the ground,
He and his kind must die!
For I am the Flood, and my waters are blood,
They boil with the fevers of rage,
Oh, I mock and I jeer at man's whimpering fear
When I'm out of my bound and gauge!

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

(De Profundis)

Out of the depths comes a voice I hear calling,
 Calling "Young man, young man,"
Soft on my ear are its grave accents falling,
 Ever "Young man, young man,
 The years are unfolding
 The life you are moulding,
What is it, young man, to be?
 Will you fashion your clay
 In a haphazard way,
Or build for eternity,
Or build for eternity?"

Out of the depths comes a voice I hear saying,
 Saying, "Young man, young man,"
A voice that reproaches, in language inveighing,
 "Why do you lag, young man?
 The world is demanding
 The life you're commanding,
The life that you waste away,
 There's no need for droning
 With strength that you're owning,
Necessity cries to-day,
Necessity cries to-day."

Out of the depths comes a voice that is pleading,
 Pleading, "Young man, young man,
Your Master entreats and you should be heeding,
 You must obey, young man,
 In each undertaking
 Your history's making,
Build for the future to see,
 For life is beginning,
 Your spurs you are winning,"
Oh thus spake the voice to me.
Oh thus spake the voice to me.

TO THE FAIR UNKNOWN

To the fair unknown! These lines I dedicate,
And if the gods of chance are very kind
And be at all towards me compassionate,
Perchance they may create some gentle wind
Which will, like balmy zephyrs from the south,
Bearing in their soft embrace the warm sun's kiss,
Whisper the words I fain would speak by mouth
To her, my only hope of earthly bliss.

It matters not that I as yet have never
Gazed with enraptured eyes upon her face,
My soul is filled with love which lives forever,
And none but she my throne of love will grace.
I see her in the flowers of the wildwood,
As pure as they when bathed in summer dew,
The charm and grace of sweet, unspotted childhood
Are yet unsullied in my mental view.

It matters not that I have never listened
To her sweet voice outpouring on the air,
For every song that ever love has christened
Creates a vision of my lady fair.
I hear her in the rippling, trilling water
That laughs and dances in yon meadow brook,
And often have I in the greenwood sought her,
Deceived by song birds in some hidden nook.

I have reared to her an altar of devotion,
And inscribed it as Athenians of old
To the one who claims my loftiest emotion,
And is worthy of love's frankincense and gold.

And I'm waiting for some mighty Paul of learning
To declare the one that I would here enthrone,
To declare the love that in my heart is burning
To the fairest of the fair who's still unknown.

WHO IS CONTENT?

Who is content? Surely not I.
My surging soul seems to command
That I with Pegasus should fly
And reach some high and noble land
Where mountains rise and torrents swell,
Where giants build and nought is small,
Where genii of learning dwell,
Where thought is might, and love is all.

Who is content? Not he who holds
That God intended man to tear
Aside the veil which He enfolds
Around each blessing He would share,
Who holds that man was born to reign
O'er earth supreme, by God's decree,
And that he has the strength to gain
Dominion over land and sea.

Who is content? Not he who flies
On yonder graceful, bird-like wings,
Who mounts and rises towards the skies,
And in exultant triumph sings,
His conquest of the boundless air
Contents him not; his hope is set
On goals which only reckless dare,
The unattainable as yet.

Who is content? Not those who seek
The germs of pestilence and death,
Which rob the bloom from manhood's cheek,
And steal away the infant's breath.
Contentment never will be theirs
Until disease and mortal pain
And miseries to which we're heirs
Are all dispelled and none remain.

Who is content? The sluggard? Yes,
The man who loves his rest and ease,
The man who yearns not to possess
The things which do the mighty please.
The man who leans and does not lift,
The man who is indifferent,
The man who with the tide doth drift,
The sluggard? Yes,—he is content.

HAPPINESS

Search the budding flower,
Pluck the tender leaf,
Steal a quiet hour
From your tears and grief.
Roam the dales and mountains,
Greet the radiant dawn,
Sip at Nature's fountains
and
Happiness is born.

Tear the fragrant grasses,
Find their scented source,

Kiss the lips of lasses,
Love brings no remorse.
Mask the face of sorrow,
Laugh dull care to scorn,
Shed your tears to-morrow,
 and
Happiness is born.

THE "CLOSED-INS"

Doomed to be 'compassed by four walls,
While the whole world goes singing and free,
To respond in your soul to the earth calls
That Nature is sending to thee;
To feel in your heart a desire
To burst every barrier down,
To sacrifice Hope on a pyre,
To be told you are earning a crown;
 Hell has nothing like this.

To see all there is in a vision
Restricted and cabined by fate,
To know every outline's precision
Till your soul is just burning with hate;
To die every night and recover
When the sun bursts through chinks in the blind,
To be of æsthetics a lover,
Yet meeting but little refined:
 Hell is Heaven to this.

To know that the morrow will bring back
The same that it brought you to-day,
To hunger, and yet not for bread lack,
To doubt, while your tongue tries to pray;

To envy, yet knowing how foolish
 Is envy when it cannot gain,
 To smile when you want to be mulish,
 To suffer and yet deny pain,
 Hell is gladness to this.

* * * * *

Where, friend, is the joy of the "closed-in"?
 Pray tell this old pessimist bard,
 A secret is safe when reposed in
 A heart that holds all in regard;
 Mayhap that there's joy just in living,
 A part of the Infinite's scheme,
 And God is sustaining and giving
 Much more than we healthy folks dream.
 Hell has no part in this.

TO A FALLEN TREE

O thou grand monarch of the spacious wood,
 Whose towering head o'er-topped thy brother trees,
 Whose regal crown of foliage once stood
 And first caught secrets of the whispering breeze;
 Why didst thou fall and to what fault is due
 Thy present state; now brother to the clod
 Art thou indeed, whom once the forests knew
 As king supreme and recognized as lord.

Did wintry winds or lightning's cruel stroke
 Reveal thy heart and humble thee to earth,
 Or Nature's sport when she the stillness woke
 With earthquake laughter from her boundless mirth,
 Or was it Time whose conquering scythe doth mow
 The aged down, nor stops to answer why,
 But seeks its pleasures with the young that grow
 With naught but youth and self to gratify?

Oh, sleep in peace, thou fallen sovereign,
Thy kingdom lives, thy children rule the vale,
Thy rest is earned and ne'er wilt thou again
Be sport for storms nor bend with howling gale;
May clinging moss and gently creeping vine
Enshroud thy form and hide thy limbs from view,
And build thy crypt from Nature's own design
For her dead kings; it is indeed thy due.

THE BECKONING HILLS

On a motto that hangs by my desk I can read
That contentment is what men should learn,
For the things which we have are all that we need,
And 'tis vain for us mortals to yearn.
But when I gaze through my window and see
The glories of Nature as shown
In the range of blue hills which beckon to me,
My hopes of contentment have flown.

When I'm cramped 'twixt four walls there is no peace
of mind,
For memory leads me a chase,
Over hilltops and crags which oft I have climbed
'Midst those hills whose blue outlines I trace.
To my ears they're as still as the silence of death,
Yet my heart seems to burst with the sound
Of the call that they make, and the winds waft a breath
Of the freedom which there doth abound.

What rhythmical verse, what outburst of song
Which a poet might pen, can compare
With the voice of the hills as they cry "Come along,
O poet, and breathe in our air?"

I, for one, cannot hear that call of the wild,
And find in contentment a theme,
Nor can I remain and be reconciled,
And only of such freedom dream.

I must up and away, those hills beckon to me,
I yearn for my pinnacled nests
High up in their tops, overlooking the sea,
My soul at restraint now protests.
No mottoes I need to teach me content,
I spurn such a word, when behind
The walls of a house, for these hills represent
The peace that my nature would find.

THE BLUE HILLS OF MILTON

I have travelled o'er our country
Full many thousand miles,
I have seen the Rocky Mountains,
And New Hampshire's stony piles;
But for majesty and grandeur
There's none appeals to me
Like the great Blue Hills of Milton,
Near Boston by the sea.

They are not so very lofty,
But from their heights I've seen
God's rich country round about me,
A paradise, I ween.
Yon stone and wood reared city,
Capped with its golden dome,
Stands forth in all its splendor,
It is the Nation's home.

And snug nestling in the valley,
Reflecting Heaven's blue,
Are two lakes of placid water,
They're smiling up at you.
While betwixt you and the city
There runs a silver thread,
'Tis Neponset's waters flowing
From out their fountain head.

Over yonder in the distance
Appalachian Mounts rise high;
In the eastward, harbor beacons
Stand out against the sky.
You can count for miles around you
Church spires by the score,
And for varied views of Nature
You could not ask for more.

But the sight of all these beauties
Is not so much to me
As the wonders of Creation
And Nature's mystery.
The thought of God's infinitude
Makes finite man seem small,
As I contemplate His hand-work
And think that He made all.

He caused all these mighty rock hills
To rise from out the plain,
And in His bounteous goodness
He made them for man's gain.
As the years and ages roll by
These hills shall surely stand
A monument to His greatness,
A blessing to our land.

Oh, I've travelled o'er this country,
Full many thousand miles,
I have seen the Rocky Mountains,
And New Hampshire's stony piles;
But for majesty and grandeur
There's none appeals to me
Like the great Blue Hills of Milton,
Near Boston by the sea.

ON CHICATAWBUT HILL

On Chicatawbut Hill I climbed,
On Chicatawbut Hill,
Upon its crest sweet verse I rhymed
Responsive to the thrill
Of Nature's works which all around
Lay stretched before my gaze,
For, as I looked, again I found
The charms of bygone days.

I saw the hills of Milton plain
From Chicatawbut Hill,
And they recalled to me again
The days I roamed at will;
I used to tramp the whole range o'er
When I was but a lad,
Since then old Time has closed youth's door,
And memories make me sad.

I saw the great stone water tower
From Chicatawbut Hill,
The quarries and the crags that lower
And fearsome thoughts instil.
I've sat upon the crag-top's height
Full many and many a time,
And oft exclaimed in glad delight
O'er views which were sublime.

I saw the distant ocean's bay
From Chicatawbut Hill,
And white-winged boats sped on their way
To seas of good or ill.
I thought that sometime I must sail
On unknown seas, somewhere,
My craft must weather storm and gale,
And I its fate must share.

I saw the calm, blue sky aloft
From Chicatawbut Hill,
A few white fleecy clouds, as soft
As swansdown, rested still;
It seemed as if God's artist, sly,
Had dipped his brush in white
And wiped it out upon the sky
Ere toning shades of light.

I saw a blue-jay flying fast
On Chicatawbut Hill,
I watched him close as he flew past,
His call was harsh and shrill,
That cry alone, of all, to me
Discordant seemed that day,
And I was pleased indeed to see
That blue-jay fly away.

If I could rhyme *all* joys I found
On Chicatawbut Hill,
My verse would spread the earth around
And every corner fill;
But mayhap, friend, you'll climb its height,
And then take up your quill,
Where I've left off, begin to write
On Chicatawbut Hill.

THE GHOST OF THE CRAGS

'Midst the wild and open country scarce without the
city's bound,
Rising high above the level are the hills of Milton found,
Rich in legend, rich in story, rich in scenic beauty
grand,
Marvellous beyond description, overtopping all the land.

Capped with scrubby oak and hemlock, creviced by a
hundred brooks,
Cleft with walls of solid granite hiding many sylvan
nooks,
Pleasant valleys 'twixt the hill-crests, views unrivalled
of the sea,
Nature's altars, where I worship, such are these Blue
Hills to me.

Over towards the eastern portion are the Craggs of which
I write,
Rising sheer from out the valley, fearful in their depth
and height,
Railed with but a bar of iron, just a mockery it seems,
As if man, poor puny mortal, could defy old Nature's
schemes.

Of't I wander to the crag top, where my thoughts can,
undisturbed,
Come and go with rhythmic motion, where my mind is
not perturbed,
And enseoined within a cradle made by shelving rocks
and grass,
There I rest and view God's country, there the hours
pleasant pass.

One fine day in balmy June time, with my book and
pencil I
Climbed the rough and rugged footpath to my fav'rite
haunt on high,
And 'twixt reading, thinking, writing, hours passed and
soon the sun
Sank behind the great hill's tower, for the day was
almost done.

With a sigh I rose and gathered book and cap within
my hand,
And prepared to journey homeward, loth to follow
Time's command,
When, from out the dark'ning shadows of a huge, sharp
balanced stone,
Rose a figure grim and savage, and I heard an eerie
moan.

In my fright I stood and trembled, daring not to move
or speak,
Wild-eyed, staring, whilst the shadows longer grew of
ev'ry peak,
And the vision viewed me calmly, deigning not to notice
fear,
Which I own I showed a-plenty, with that awful pres-
ence near.

Still I noted, spite my tremor, that the form which
brazen stood
Close before me was a native of some wild, unbroken
wood,
Painted cheeks, bedecked with feathers, folded arms,
impassioned mien,
Just like pictures which in childhood I had loved and
often seen.

Must'ring courage in the twilight, I at last took heart
and spoke
Words like these, "Who are you stranger? Speak, your
presence doth provoke;
Wouldst thou slay a fellow mortal, harmless, weak and
quite alone?
Let me pass, nor stay my going," thus I spake with
anxious tone.

With his piercing eye fixed on me, hideous, uncanny,
quite,
Stood he there as if unmindful of my seeming fearful
plight,
Then I heard a voice which sounded like the swish of
rushing wind,
Soft and musical and soothing, lulling fears I had in
mind.

With the first calm uttered sentence I at once again took
heart,
For the spectre which stood near me scarcely made a
move or start,
But his voice I heard distinctly, sad it sounded to my
ears,
Yet so calm and withal quiet that it soothed my doubt-
ing fears.

"Listen, Pale-Face, to my story," were the words that
greeted me,
"Listen, fear thou not nor falter from the form of
Oehmulgee;
I was once a chieftain mighty of the Narragansetts
brave,
And I ruled these hills and valleys, here my wigwam
shelter gave.

Long before your tribe of white men entered into yon-
der bay,
Here I lived and hunted daily, here the gentle deer did
slay,
Over where yon sun is sinking, there upon the highest
hill,
Oft I worshipped the Great Spirit, there I tried my
hunter's skill.

Many were the moons which slowly rose to view and
died away,
While I led the tribe of warriors to the chase and to the
fray,
Ere these things which did befall me, things which I
will now relate,
Of Kenabeek, called the Serpent, coward, thief and
reprobate.

I had maids and squaws in plenty, but my heart was
set upon
Bounding Brook, a gentle maiden whom I wooed and
whom I won;
Glad was she to join my wigwam, dress the product of
my chase,
Build my fire, fill my pipe-bowl, fairest was she of our
race.

But one day the wicked, lying Kenabeek came gliding
round
While I hunted through yon valley, and alone the
maiden found,
And he tried to steal her from me, steal my gentle
Bounding Brook,
Force her to forsake and leave me, but the maiden he
mistook.

Up she flew and like a deer sped to the spot where I
had gone.
And she told me all Kenabeek's lying tongue had spoke
upon,
How the blood surged to my temples, how my heart was
filled with hate,
How I longed to crush the Serpent, scalp the lock upon
his pate.

With my tomahawk I hastened, gave the lying coward
chase,
And he climbed these hills and valleys, but I caught
him in this place;
Here we fought upon this crag-top, here we strove with
might and main,
Blood gushed forth like spouting water, neither seemed
to mind the pain.

Suddenly, with whoop of triumph, I caught hold of
Kenabeek,
And my waning strength I mustered, threw him o'er this
mighty peak,
And I watched him as he tumbled into the great deeps
below
Till I saw him dead and lying where yon spring doth
ever flow.

Fain would I have then arisen, but the poison on the
dart
With which he had pierced my vitals had already reached
my heart,
So I sang my death-song slowly here behind this bal-
anced stone,
Like a brave and noble warrior, without murmur, with-
out groan.

Ere my eyelids closed forever Bounding Brook had
searched and found
Where I lay, and where you rested, there my hurts she
gently bound,
Seated on the ground beside me, knowing that I soon
must go
To the land of all my fathers, yet her grief she did not
show.

Soon my spirit left the body, and beneath where we now
stand,
In a cave-like hole she placed me, covered me with earth
and sand,
And my spirit hovered near her, loth to leave my Bound-
ing Brook,
But the Manitou had called me, called, and so my leave
I took.

When the Great and Noble Spirit heard my tale and
how I slew
Kenabeek, the lying serpent, and his body down there
threw,
Pleased He was and gave permission that I might re-
visit here
This fair spot as when I left it, when the moons shall
mark each year.

So to-day you see me, Pale-Face, I, the great chief
Ochmulgee,
And I would you'd tell your people what's been told you
about me,
Tell them not to move a single stone from off this lofty
mound,
Tell them, Pale-Face, of my story, say that this is
hallowed ground.

Tell them that this pile of granite is a monument to me,
That it marks the place where Death came and laid
hold of Ochmulgee,
Tell them this, and tell them truly,—Hark! I hear the
Great Chief's cry,
I must go, farewell, O Pale-Face, tell my tale and do
not lie."

In a twinkling of an eyelash he was gone, I was alone,
And the faint tints of the twilight proved that day was
almost gone,
Wondering and deeply thoughtful, I sought out my
downward road,
And just as the stars came shining I approached my
own abode.

To my study I then hastened, and I wrote this lengthy
tale
So the children of the future will respect that hill and
vale,
Did just what the spectre bade me, not a word did I
omit,
And I've told my story truly, every detail, every bit.

If you doubt this story, neighbor, go and see this mighty
rock,
Climb its heights and view the country, listen to the
breezes talk,
Go and drink the pure, sweet water of the spring within
the glen,
And if once you go, O neighbor, I am sure you'll go
again.

THE SPIRIT BOUND

I called to my soul in the midnight hour
When the babel of tongues had ceased.
And I thought that my soul was free,
For I sought the strength that comes from power
Born of the Infinite,—released
Through the Spirit Voice to me.

“Bound!” was the thought-flash coming back
Like the curse of a hope that’s dead,
Like a soundless prayer of fear;
Bound to the world and its sins, alack!
Bound to the Self, by the Self misled,
And ruled from a higher sphere.

Bound to the past with its thoughts of doubt,
Bound to my fears with hooks of steel
Grappled to finite rings;
Bound to regrets and shame, without
A hope save my Better Self’s appeal
To the God of eternal things.

THE FIRST CALL

I was wearied to-night from my quest of gold
In my slavish, routine life,
And I called from the Silenees untold
The Spirit whose arts were manifold
To sureease troubles rife;
When lo! from the deepest wells, behold,
Came a spirit called Love to my world of strife.
While a restful peace my heart consoled,
And it's always near when my arms enfold
My children and my wife.

THE SOUNDING BOARD

I stood by the water's edge, and the golden moon
Cast a yellow glaze on the ocean's breast,
And the sea and the moon were one,
While the rhythmic surf with its rage subdued
Since a recent storm, with the sands caressed,
And I with the world was done.

For the kissing surf with its restless sound
Awakened each sleeping spirit tone
That sings in a poet's soul,
Then the whole world sang, and the full moon, round,
Was the sounding-board in the Great Unknown,
Where Poetry has its goal.

THE SHADOW MEN

I called to the Past;
In the solemn hour of the mist-grey morn,
To the murk-filled caves of my nearer soul
I called again,
When lo! like a strain of music borne
On the wafted breeze, and with less control,
Came Shadow Men.

Like clouds amassed;
Shadows of past years gone for aye,
Charnel-mould ghosts with their shrouds unbound,
They brought me these;
My childhood joys, my youth, my down-lipped day,
Strong manhood's prime, and in them all I found
Sweet memories.

HIS SOUL FLOWERS

God planted the seed, He nourished the soil,
Each soul is a flower of Love,
Go gather the blooms, though you struggle and toil
In valley or mountains above;
Each flower reveals a purposeful plan,
Each petal is fashioned with care,
The Soul of the Sower has blossomed in Man,
His Immortal Spirit is there.

IN THE SILENT REACHES OF MY SOUL

Oh, deep in the shadowy vales that lie
In the silent reaches of my soul,
In thy solitudes, O my soul,
Live the wraiths of the Hopes of the self that I
Know as myself, yet unknown to the whole
Of the doubting, shallow world.

And when, in my nature's wearied hours,
I seek in an introspective mood
Those cloistered haunts for my spirit's food,
Come those wraiths at my call with their God-born
 powers,
And I am a god in a realm of good,
Unknown to a finite world.

THE SPIRIT OF MIRTH

There's a merry elf in my hidden self,
A sprite with a manner droll,
And he sings at times with his ribald rhymes
In the deeps of the Poet's soul,
When the skies are black and when fears attack.
When the spirits of Doubt possess,
Comes this elf to me with his singing glee,
And I echo his merriness.
With his saucy quips, and his whispering lips,
And his eye with a spit of flame,
He domineers, and despite my years
My pen puts sense to shame,
But a rounded soul needs a spirit droll,
And I with a world to bear,
Rejoice the while in his mirthful style,
And would of my pleasures share.

SLUMBERING YESTERDAYS

Awaken them not, those sweet days of the past,
Those days of the long, long ago,
Let them sleep now in peace, away from the blast
And blight of my cold winter's snow;
Let the form of my youth be caressed in their arms,
Let them smile in their dreams so free,
For if they should awake, then youth's sweetest charms
Would be flown, and leave—only me.

Awaken them not, those dear days I have lost,
Those days which do now seem sublime,
Let them sleep sound and warm, secure from the frost,
And safe in the arms of old Time;
Let the blustering winds and the lean wolf's fierce cry
Be hushed till their slumber is done;
Let the soft summer breeze croon a sweet lullaby,
And bring them a kiss from the sun.

Awaken them not, those bright days that are gone,
Those days which I then valued not,
When I first saw the gleam of their roseate dawn,
Nor gave to their passing much thought;
Let them sleep on and on, I have not long to live,
Why waken the past from its rest?
The present I own, and the future will give
Surcease to remorse, manifest.

THE SADDEST TIME—AUTUMN

The saddest time of all the year is now,
The dying leaves though clothed with brilliant hue
Bespeak the time when I my head must bow
And hear the voice which sayeth, "Youth is through."
The sighing winds which bare the quivering limb
Are messengers to me of wintry days
Which are to come, and seem to croon a hymn
Like that old song so potent in its praise:
 "Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the ev'ning
 Steal across the sky."

The asters and the goldenrod,
And here and there a struggling bloom I see,
The last tribute of Summer to her god
Ere she assumes Death's fearsome livery.
They cause me pain where pleasure they would give,
I see my night approach, I know full well
That I on earth cannot forever live,
I, too, must sleep as that sweet song doth tell:
 "Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep,
 Birds and beasts and flowers
 Soon will be asleep."

MY STUDY

Four walls papered blue,
Striped with tints of doubtful hue,
Compass in my study.

One chair, style unknown,
Desk and table all give tone
To my humble study.

One case filled with books,
Fastened to the wall with hooks,
College in my study.

One French full-glazed door,
Open to an enrailed floor,
Beautifies my study.

One view unsurpassed,
Hills and dales and woodlands vast,
Nature in my study.

One heart God-inspired,
All that is for me required
To complete my study.

THE SPIDER

Mountains of gold, glittering gold,
Tempting the woman, cruel and bold,
Fool that man was (though little to blame,
If our parents were fools, we might be the same);
Voice of the siren, luring him on
Into the web like a fly to be shorn,
Form of a woman almost divine,

Soul of a devil lurking in wine;
Prodigal spendthrift, little he knew
That money and love each other espew:
What though the spider is loathsome, unclean,
(Even a spider's web glitters like sheen
When kissed by the sun and the cool morning dew,
And the spider itself is hidden from view).
For the fool's but a fool, like the moth as it flings
Itself in the flame where it sings its wings,
And the spider's a fiend, though clothed in disguise,
The she-devil's soul looks out of its eyes,
And the fool never guessed that money and pelf
Attracted the woman and not he himself,
That when they were gone, without tear, without sigh,
She'd cast him aside like the shell of a fly
Which the spider ejects from its glimmering nest,
For the fool's but a fool, and the spider's a pest.

THE BLUE WAKE

As the blood-red sun sank in the western sky
O'er sultry, summer sea,
And the hazy mists of the night crept nigh
Encroaching, silently,
I sat by the rail of a schooner's bow
And watched a towering ship,
A queen of the sea, with her massive prow
Proud set for an eastward trip.

And her decks were black with a merry throng,
A happy, singing crowd,
So calm was the sea that I heard their song
And joyful noises loud,

And I waved my hand as the ship sped by,
A few waved back at me,
But my heart was heavy, I knew not why,
That evening on the sea.

As the ship sailed by with its rings of smoke
Marked cloud-like far astern,
I could hear the hoarse throat of a fog-horn, croak
In steady numbered turn;
I have seen strange sights, but the strangest seen
In my sailings on the deep,
Was the blue-tinged wake of that ocean-queen,
Not white from the screw's bold sweep.

And the blue-frothed wake on that summer night
Reflected the ruddy gleams
Of the blood-red sun, and that eerie sight
Still haunts me in my dreams;
Then I called to the men of the schooner's crew,
And I pointed to the wake,
And I asked them why that froth was blue,
To a man I saw them quake!

Then the mate upspoke in a solemn tone,
His eyes with fear aglow,
"Yon ship is doomed, ere the night has flown
She lies in depths below;
For sailors know when the mermaids glean
The white from a foaming wake,
'Tis used as a fringe for its lustrous sheen
On bridal gowns they make.

And the ship they choose to rob of the foam
That gleams so white and fair
On its glistening wake, is chosen as home
For some sea-bridal pair;

And the ghosts of the men who are lost on board
Each craft that meets such doom,
Must dance at the revels they afford
For the mermaid bride and groom.

'Tis a sailor's yarn, but its truth, I know,
And proved full many times,
Ere the sun shall rise with the morning glow
The Sea-Nymph's wedding chimes
Shall call from the deep, and yon vessel is lost;
Mark me!" said the sailor bold,
" 'Tis an awful price that such weddings cost,
Yet this is the doom foretold!"

Then I looked again at the noble ship
Now sailing far away,
And I saw the mists of the fog engrip
And close around their prey;
And the rising wind from the east brought back
The sound of revelry,
But we shifted sail on the lee-shore tack
And ran for the nearest quay.

* * * * *

Oh, that awful night on that Irish coast,
'Twas a night of misery,
When that proud, proud ship with its mighty host
Was lost in the raging sea;
And they tell a tale how the war craft smote
A hole in her mighty prow,
How there was not time for to man a boat,
She sank like a rotted scow.

Then I thought of that bronzed old seaman's tale,
Alas! my friends, too true,
And the prophecy at the schooner's rail
Of the vessel's wake, tinged blue;

And I wondered, too, if some mermaid bride
Wore a veil of whited foam,
If she danned with the ghosts of the men who died
To furnish her a home.

MY SWEETHEART'S EYES

Beautiful, laughing eyes of brown,
Filling my soul with eestasy,
Truly my sweetheart's regal crown,
Rivaling the gentle euphrasy.

Softly they search me through and through,
Asking this question earnestly,
Tell me, fond heart, art thou still true,
Dost thou still love me fervently?

Beautiful, laughing eyes of brown,
Thy seemly beauties are to me
E'en when in sorrow looking down
More glorious than the deep blue sea.

Deeper in love than ocean's deep,
Captive they hold me, still I'm free
To live in love which I can keep
Ever my own eternally.

FATHER

Happy the man who bears that holy name,
Nor lives for self; who treasures children's love
Beyond all else; whose glory 'tis to claim
That sacred trust, the gift of God above;
Whose toiling hours are gladdened by the kiss
Of baby lips when days begin and close,
Who learns in truth that man's paternal bliss
Is youth renewed through that which youth bestows.

His life brings joy, though children presage care,
And worried brow oft marks him amongst men,
Though sorrows come and Time steals from its lair
And drags his loved ones to its worldly den;
His greatest joy,—sublime when understood,
Is giving life, sustaining it, and this
Conformable to God, whose Fatherhood
He but reflects;—his life a genesis.

IT WOULD BE NICE

To Harold

In a musing frame of mind,
Half in earnest, half inclined
To indulge in quiet jest
(Which befits my nature best),
Softly I in accents mild
Called unto my eldest child,
Who, with shout of boyish glee,
Came and perched upon my knee.

Almost six years have flown by
Since that first and lusty cry
Which announced unto the morn
That another soul was born.
When the Infinite, Divine,
Blest me with this boy of mine,
And that time in memory's sway
Seems to me like yesterday.

And those eyes, both large and brown,
Question me as I look down,
Wondering what I will say,
Why I called them from their play.
Oh, they know not what I see
In their depths of purity,
I can see the mother's smile
Reproduced in them awhile.

Scarcely conscious that I spoke,
For those eyes strange thoughts awoke,
I this question asked him now,
As I stroked his noble brow:
"Tell me, little brown-eyed lad,
If another child we had
As a playmate for you here,
Would you like a sister dear?"

Not a second did he wait,
Nor the least bit hesitate,
Like a flash upon a wire
Came this voice of Love's desire,
And it seemed as though it stole
From my breast and inner soul
The same thought which came to me
As he climbed upon my knee.

"It would be nice," he sweetly said,
A sublime light his face o'erspread,
"If I could have my mamma dear
When she was just a girlie here,
I'd like it awf'ly, awf'ly well,
I'm sure I would," and I could tell
By that sweet, gentle, loving tone
Deceit to him is yet unknown.

Then I kissed this little elf,
Mimic of my better self,
Bade him run out-doors and play
With his brother bright and gay,
And I heard the mother croon
To her babe a restful tune,
And though God has blest me thrice,
I think myself,—it would be nice.

I WANT TO BE SIDE OF PAPA

To Milton

"I want to be side of Papa,"
The cry of my infant boy,
His heart but echoed his lisping,
His eyes beamed forth their joy.

"I want to be side of Papa,"
'Tis strange how memories cling,
To the words our children utter
Ere they like birds take wing.

"I want to be side of Papa,"
God bless you, my sweet child,
On my knees each night I pray Him
To keep you undefiled.

"I want to be side of Papa,"
That cry finds lodgment here
As my timorous, faltering spirit
Cries out to God so near.

"I want to be side of Papa,"
And I, in my small way,
Can make my treasure quite happy,
My baby of to-day.

"I want to be side of Papa,"
My little boy knows not
That the plaintive cry he utters
Is with deep meaning fraught.

"I want to be side of Papa,"
O you who have strayed from grace,
Return to your Heavenly Father,
Behold His loving face.

"I want to be side of Papa,"
The selfsame cry He's heard
From many a child of sorrow,
Though couched in different word.

And so, dear friends who have suffered,
And troubled ways have trod,
Take home to yourself my lesson
And live more close to God.

A LITTLE OUTSTRETCHED HAND

To Francis

I'm sometimes very weary,
And life at best seems vain,
The future's dark and dreary,
The cause I can't explain;
I'm in that giant's castle
That Bunyan tells about,
And held there as a vassal
Of grim despair and doubt.

Like pilgrims in his story,
I've found a key of hope
That leads me into glory,
And gives me strength to cope
With troubles beyond measure
(I'm sure you'll understand),
That key's my year-old treasure
With dimpled, outstretched hand.

When my day's work is ended,
And I come home to rest,
That little hand extended
Drives trouble from my breast.
Despair, with kindred allies,
Is banished like the mist
Which flies from wooded valleys
When by the sunlight kissed.

I take those dimpled fingers
And press them to my heart,
And in my thoughts there lingers
The story they impart.
When overwhelmed with sadness
My memory I'll command
To cheer my soul with gladness
By baby's outstretched hand.

A WORTH WHILE THEME

To Paul

As I sat and pondered, dreaming, vainly searching,
vainly scheming
For a theme to make a verse and rhyme,
I was conscious of a knocking on my study door, and
talking
Not at all in chord with rhythmic time.

Just a baby's voice and chatter, just a baby's little
patter
On the threshold of my sanctum door,
And I knew who there was waiting, who that racket was
creating,
Though my children now do number four.

And despite my fancy's pleasure, which delights in quiet
measure
Quite unreconciled to modern boys,
I got up and very gently oped my door, and confidently
Thought my frown would stop that dreadful noise.

But I reckoned scarce with thinking, for that rascal,
without shrinking,
Gave a cry of honest, unfeigned joy,
And both arms he threw around me, by my legs he
tightly bound me,
'Twas my darling youngest baby boy.

With a smile his face was beaming, and his bright blue
eyes a-gleaming
Drove my frown and scowl away at once.
Then I reached and gently placed him on my desk, and
sat and faced him,
And I gave to this thought utterance.

"Tell me, little light-haired fairy, where you got your
graces airy?

Why your eyes are blue instead of brown
Like your brothers' who surround you, like your mother's
when she found you?

Whence comes flaxen hair upon your crown?

Not an answer did he make me, but a gurgle which
meant "Take me

Off this desk and hold me in your lap,"

Then I pressed him to my shoulder, kissed his cheek, and
he, quite bolder,

Tweaked my nose until I heard it snap.

Next my moustache was the pleasure of this naughty
little treasure,

And that it was short I now gave thanks,

Though perturbed by such an action on the part of my
attraction,

Quite courageously I bore his roguish pranks.

Like a flash this thought came o'er me, here and now I
had before me

Greater theme than ever poet had,

All the knowledge of the ages, all the wisdom of the
sages

Were embodied in this little lad.

What can poets add to learning, other than a mere dis-
cerning

Of the things which they alone have fared?

Here was one of God's own stories, blest with pristine
beauty's glories,

That made poetry a drivell when compared.

In this little blue-eyed scion lived the music heard in
Zion,
Here were dreams come true, and manifest,
Here the thoughts of the Creator, amplified by Time,
and greater
Than a poet ever yet expressed.

In his smile I saw the mother, in his laugh I heard each
brother,
In his eyes I saw myself a child again,
And I saw his forbears living once again in him, and
giving
Of their strength to prove him amongst men.

And I saw the Future bending to his will, and wisdom
lending,
I could see him mount the steps of fame,
I could see him laurel-reaping, while the sluggish ones
were sleeping,
I could hear the ages sing his name.

So I thought that in this blessing was a theme well worth
expressing,
One the Infinite had kindly sent to me,
So I penned this bit of rhyming, quite unconscious of its
timing
Which boots not as you will well agree.

And I pray that God, the Master, will protect him from
disaster,
That he'll earn and reap life's greatest joys,
And I'll always be insisting, nobler themes are not ex-
isting
Than are found in loving girls and boys.

DISGRACE CORNER

In our kitchen there's a corner that reserved for naughty
boys,
Who distract their patient mother and who make a lot
of noise,
There's a hard-backed wooden rocker with a seat I im-
provised
Out of rough, unfinished lumber* which is very much
despised.

Oft it holds our eldest youngster, who at times can be
so bad
That you wonder if the tempter rules and dominates
the lad,
But an hour of meditation always drives that spirit
hence,
And a child was never sweeter than that boy in peni-
tence.

Eventide may find the corner holding fast my second
son,
Roguish, naughty, brown-eyed rascal, full of mischief,
full of fun,
He gets up from that old rocker 'most the same as
when put there,
Though repentant, planning ever mischief new to do
and dare.

Then the third boy (just a baby, three short years he's
been on earth),
Sometimes fills the rocker sadly, proving Adam in his
birth,
It's a lesson, comprehended, though forgotten soon, I
fear,
By this darling little cherub, who though naughty is a
dear.

We've another boy that's growing, he's not old enough
to sit
In that chair, though oft I'm thinking he deserves to
every bit,
Such a jolly little shaver, large blue eyes and smiling
face,
It would seem a shame to put *him* in the corner of
disgrace.

That old corner has a virtue not apparent from its
name,
Though its mission is correcting, it deserves a teacher's
fame,
For upon the wall which makes it hangs a map with
every tint,
Ruled and lined and filled with letters, towns and cities
marked in print.

And for lack of other interest, culprits who oft fill that
spot
Learn to spell out all the letters which the printers
there have wrought,
And if nothing else comes from it, should it not correct
the base,
There's a secondary value to this corner of disgrace.

POLLIKINS

Dear little Pollikins;—what a strange name
To give to a cherub so sweet,
We christened you Paul and there's someone to blame
In thinking it was incomplete;
You laugh and you crow, you smile and you cry,
Your arms and your feet ne'er are still,
There's mischief, I think, in each blue little eye,
And evidence, too, of a will.

You are not the first little treasure to come,
We've had several more, it is true,
But never you mind, we know you have some
Sweet charms which belong just to you;
Your dear little self has a place of its own
In our hearts quite as big as the rest,
For babies are kings and you now share the throne
Which Love has set up in our breast.

A tyrant you are and at times you demand
A servitude common to slaves,
Your wants are unknown, but we understand
All the things which a baby king craves;
The slightest of sounds from your powerful lungs
Impels us to jump to your side,
With kisses and hugs and with silvery tongues
We attempt to make you subside.

But 'tis seldom you frown, and seldom you weep,
The most of the time you're so dear

That often we've said we would just like to keep
This baby with us always here;
But that cannot be, for babies must grow,
That is part of the Infinite's plan,
And the time will soon come when the darling we know
As Pollikins will be a man.

THE FIRST KISS OF SUNSHINE

The first kiss of sunshine this morning came to me,
'Twas not from gleaming sunrise from out the ruddy
sea,
Nor yet the golden flashes o'erspreading purple lea,
A sweeter kiss was mine, then, than any such could be.
'Twas when I rose and tiptoed my way to baby's bed
And touched his flaxen ringlets soft resting on his head,
And saw his blue eyes open, their radiant glances
spread,
And felt his arms around me, and kiss from lips rose-
red.

I've always called him Sunshine the name is apropos,
He lightens darkened hours in ways he'll never know,
His smile reflects the brightness that's in the sun's
warm glow,
And melts the coldest nature as summer's warmth melts
snow.

I would you'd see my Sunshine, you'd envy me my joy,
You'd understand my rapture, Love's gold without
alloy,
You'd know the depths of meaning in names that I
employ
In speaking of my treasure, my little Sunshine boy.

BARBEE

Who is Barbee? What sort of a thing
Is saddled with such a strange name?
It has a heathenish kind of a ring,
And sounds like a parlor game.

I hear it each morn, I hear it each night,
It comes from the voice of one
Whose face is lit up with Love's purest light,
My dear little three-year-old son.

A smile on his lips and a gleam in his eye,
A twinkle which tells even me
That mischief is rampant whenever he's nigh
And utters the name of Barbee.

I ask him at times which one he loves best,
And ever and always I hear
That strangest of names he calls with a zest,
"Tis Barbee that he holds most dear.

Now, who is Barbee? I asked him one day,
And great indeed was my joy
To hear this treasure of mine sweetly say,
"Papa's Barbee,—Me Barbee's boy."

Oh happy the man who owns such a name
That is coined from the depths of love,
Which only in children is found just the same
As lives in God's heaven above.

KING ROBERT

There's a king in our house, and we bow to his crown
Despite every boast of Democracy, free,
No ermine he wears, nor purple his gown,
Yet still he is king over mother and me.

His place is secure, though dynasties fall,
And yet like a tyrant he reigns from his throne,
An absolute monarch, we dance at his call,
Nor dare to refuse, or his service postpone.

We call him King Robert (though his name's Robert
James),

But little he cares for his titles of state,
He accepts them as due, and his manner proclaims
That they are his right, and admit no debate.

Of course you have guessed who King Robert must be,
And why we are proud to serve in his train,
He's the baby that came to mother and me
And added a world to our family domain.

MY BABY'S LIPS

My baby's lips can reach my hand,
O baby, baby mine;
They steal the sting from reprimand
And contravene each stern command,
I'm helpless, for I can't withstand
Those lips, O baby mine.

Your rosy lips were made to kiss,
O baby, baby mine;
But not my hand as armistice
When punished for some deed remiss,
Though when you win, to lose is bliss,
Kiss on, O baby mine.

THE MEASURES OF LOVE

There's something I've discovered,
Yes, heretofore unknown,
Where Love's sweet spirit hovered
No boundaries had been shown,
But I have found its measures,
There many are I've learned,
'Twas through my baby treasures
Its limits I discerned.

With their weak arms around me,
And their cheeks pressed to mine,
Love's boundaries all-surround me,
Their childish hearts my shrine,
And though Love is restricted
Through bounds formed by their art,,
If ever it's evieted
'Twould break this father's heart.

With playful spirit o'er me
I asked each little boy
How much the love he bore me,
These terms they did employ,
One stood with arms extended,
And lips pursed for a kiss,
(His eyes sweet love-lights blended),
And said, "As much as this."

Another climbed my shoulder
And whispered in my ear
So none but I, his holder,
Could the sweet answer hear,
"As much, my papa," said he,
"As this big house can hold,
That much," and all doubts fled me,
I knew *his* love was gold.

My third boy, brown-eyed sweetness,
With similes but few,
Told of his love's completeness
As only he could do,
His arms held me so tightly,
I felt my heart-strings pull,
"This much," he answered lightly,
"A hundred baskets full."

And last of all, my baby,
Dear blue-eyed "Sunshine" boy,
Who loves, but knows not, maybe,
Analogies of joy,
He answered me (and dared to),
I laughed, as you will now,
Love's size to him, compared to
A great big mooly cow!

And so I know Love's boundings,
Though heretofore unknown,
Its ocean's deepest soundings
Are mine, and mine alone,
The cow, the house, the baskets,
And arms outstretched above,
Are jewel-holding caskets,
A Universe of Love.

THE PRICE WE PAY

The price we pay for babes is toil,
The slavish, thankless kind,
From rising sun till night we toil
A constant, ceaseless grind;
The arms that circle round our necks,
The kisses sweet and pure,
Are paid for in the toil that wrecks
And brings age, premature.

Is it too much,—this price we pay,
Are such investments good?
Come, see them at the close of day,
My darling little brood,
Each figure snuggled close in bed,
Five pair of eyes shut tight,
And you'll agree when all is said
The price we pay is light.

A NOBLE THOUGHT.

A noble thought
Hath oft-times wrought
A deal more than a deed could do,
For know you not
Each noble thought
Becomes in time a part of you.

MY LADY'S MORNING SONG

The morning breaks; the golden light disperses dimming
stars

Reluctant yet to go,
I rise to greet the glorious sight, the vari-tinted bars
From Dawn's resplendent glow,
And ere I comprehend the scene, the splendors of the
morn

Now speeding on its wings,
I hear the voice of Morning's queen along the soft winds
borne;

My Lady sweetly sings.

The flight-song of the fleet-winged bird, the purple
martin's lay,

Though sweet, is naught beside
The melody and strains I've heard, my Lady's hymn
to Day,

'Tis music glorified,
A miracle of sound that fills my soul with raptured
bliss,

And echoes in my heart,
Each note entrances me, and thrills, I waft to her a
kiss;

My tribute to her art.

MY LADY'S WITCHING DANCE

On with the dance. My Lady swings
Her graceful form to rhythmic time,
Nor heeds the passing hour;
Her arm, undraped, she outward flings
In wondrous, joyful pantomime,
Oh, witching, witching power:
Amazed, I watch her as she glides,
Her gyral motion casts a spell
And holds me fast and still,
As light as fairy queen she rides,
No woodland nymph could e'er excel
My dancing Lady's skill.

On with the dance. My Lady leads
My heart a merry, merry chase,
And I, proud-willed, declare
I'll follow her o'er grassy meads,
O'er mounts, snow-capped, where brooklets race
And catch her in Love's snare;
No more shall doubts my heart beset,
No more shall fears of loss be rife,
Nor dizzy race be run;
But she and I shall pirouette
Along the rose-strewn paths of life,
No longer twain, but one.

MY LADY'S PRETTY NAME

"Sweetness" is my Lady's name,
Tribute to her graces,
Love she kindles into flame
By her warm embraces;
Sweet her smile, her laughing eyes,
Sweeter still her kisses,
And to me such name implies
Love, and all its blisses.

"Sweetness" is my Lady's name,
Homage to her paying,
Cheeks that blush rose-red, proclaim
More than tongue is saying;
Sweet her laugh, its liquid notes
Fill my soul with pleasure,
And to me such name denotes
Love's celestial treasure.

MY LADY OF THE VIOLIN

My Lady sits in idle pose
With violin soft pressed
 By hands of love;
Her face, a dream bespeaks, and glows
With softened light that doth attest
 To source above,
And on that light, methinks the soul
That haunts each vibrant string
 Doth sit enthroned,
And whispers harmony it stole
From tunes the angel choirs sing
 With raptures toned;
My Lady, my sweet Lady.

Pray, sing me, mistress of my heart,
The music whispered thee
 On streaming light,
I would in mystic rhythmic art
From Heaven's fount, thy genius see,
 Oh, rich delight!
Mayhap the raptures of thy bow
Will flood my nascent soul
 With love-born bliss,
And it, attuned with thine, shall know
The music of our Heavenly goal,
 And twain shall kiss;
My Lady, my sweet Lady.

MY LADY'S WONDROUS HAIR

I sometimes think I'm on the brink
Of old age, and its care,
But my old heart reflects youth's art
Depicted in your hair;
'Tis wondrous, Lady mine,
Yes, wondrous, Lady mine.

I fear me quite, if such delight
Were mine long to behold,
My years would fly, and soon would I
Again as youth be bold;
What wonder, Lady mine,
No wonder, Lady mine.

Some roses blown have often shown
Attraction for the bee,
My years, I trust, have not grown rust,
Perchance there's hope for me,
What say you, Lady mine,
Say "Hope," sweet Lady mine!

MY LADY'S GLEAMING GEMS

My Lady's decked with gleaming stones,
Her lovely neck and arms, when bare,
Are fitting settings for the rare
And costly jewels that she owns;
Her pearls, inchained, that beautify,
Are rivaled by my Lady's tears,
Her opal's fire disappears
When matched with glances of her eye.

I would I owned the Indies old,
If jewels give my Lady joy,
An ungauged fortune I'd employ
To shower her with gems and gold;
But all the precious stones of Earth,
If gathered in a mammoth pile,
Would seem but dross, and not worth while
To me, beside my Lady's worth.

MY LADY AND THE CRYSTAL GLOBE

Deep in the depths of the crystal globe

What see you, Lady fair?

Why seek Life's mysteries to probe,

Wouldst read thy future there?

What portents flushing cheek, and fire

Spite-flashed from cruel eye?

Art robbed therein of heart's desire?

Canst thou thy fates descry?

Spurn not them, Lady fair!

Spurn not them, Lady fair!

See, in the spectrum's azure flame

Before you, Lady fair,

The cryptic marking of a name

Linked close with thine,—beware!

The divination of each line

Within yon crystal ball,

Thou knowst doth prove thy life and mine

Are linked for once and all;

Spurn not me, Lady fair!

Spurn not me, Lady fair!

MY LADY WITH THE DROOPING ROSE

My Lady's young, my Lady's fair,

Her lips are like the drooping rose,
And soft and silken is her hair,

Her smile so sweet, that if she chose
To charm away my dark despair

With one such boon, my night would close;

My Lady, Oh my Lady.

My Lady's young, my Lady's sweet,

No nectar of ambrosial brew

In sweetness with her can compete,

The richest wine of ruddy hue

Compared to her is incomplete

And tasteless as the summer dew;

My Lady, Oh my Lady.

My Lady's young, my Lady's proud,

She rules my heart with iron hand,

No arrant knave was e'er as cowed

As I, when treading Cupid's land,

My anxious heart doth beat so loud

I fear the world will understand;

My Lady, Oh my Lady.

MY LADY GOES TO CHURCH

When Sabbath comes, and holy calms
O'erspread the busy marts,
My Lady shows her regal charms
In raiment's studied arts;
And with the chimes of music sweet
That peal from lofty perch,
She treads the paths of righteous feet,—
My Lady goes to church!

In high-backed pew, with saintly mien,
And eyes on book of prayer,
My Lady with a halo's sheen
Appears an angel there;
And I, a chief 'mongst sinning men,
And marked by worldly smirch,
Do feast my eyes, and follow, when
My Lady goes to church!

MY LADY IN THE FIRE-LIGHT

I see the Lady of my dreams,
My night's dreams, my day's dreams,
She's sitting in the fire-light,
The ruddy, flickering fire-light,
Her shimmering hair, spun-gold it seems,
Reflects the charring logs' red gleams,
The softened shadows of the night
Add eerie charms to lover's sight,
For, from her eyes where flame-jets dart,
Like those within the fire's heart,
Methinks a cherub's soul doth shine,
Unlike the mortal soul of mine,
And in the painting fire's art
She seems an angel's counterpart,
Effulgent with a light divine
That burns the inner soul of mine,
Which worships my sweet Lady.

MY LADY SLEEPS

My Lady's form is bathed in light
From Luna's blue-tinged beams,
Her pallid face, like marble white,
Betrays no earthly dreams,
Her slender hands, 'midst folds of lace,
Press softly on her breast,
The sunshine day to night gives place,
My Lady now doth rest.
Sleep sweet, O Lady mine!

My Lady's couch is banked with flowers
And garlands strewn around,
The offerings of the dew-kissed hours
Where innocence is found;
Her fingers clasp a drooping rose,
A bud of purest white,
An emblem of her soul's repose,
A tear-drop of the Night.
Sleep well, O Lady mine!

My Lady's room is peopled o'er
With angels sweet and fair,
A train surge through her latticed door,
And far aloft they bear
The richest treasure ever borne,
My heart in silence weeps,
The moon gives way to blushing morn,—
And still my Lady sleeps.
Sleep on, O Lady mine!

MY LADY IS MY DREAM GIRL

My Lady is my dream-girl,
My dream-girl, my dream-girl,
A phantasy of mind awlirl,
A bubble on love-streams that purl
O'er beds where gold doth gleam;
I see her in the Morn's blush,
The Morn's blush, the Morn's blush,
I hear her in the migrant thrush,
In rippling brooks 'neath woodland brush,
My Lady's but a dream.

My Lady lives in Dream Land,
In Dream Land, in Dream Land,
With elfs and sprites on golden strand,
Herself a queen of phantom band
Who rules o'er all, supreme;
I would I were an elf-man,
An elf-man, an elf-man,
A member of my Lady's clan,
Her king in realms elysian;
My Lady's but a dream.

MY WISTARIA GIRL

I walked a charming bit of country road
Not long ago, that lay
Betwixt the city and my town abode,
'Twas warm, indeed, that day.
I rested on a rough stone wall beside a welcome spring
And listened to a Bob-white call; I whistled, answering
The noisy bird.

And then, so soft, I heard a sweeter sound
Come trilling back to me.
No echo that, I knew, no feathered warbler 'round
Could match such euphony.
And I,—I stood transfixed a moment with delight
Enraptured by that cry, "Bob White, Bob White,"
'Twas that I heard.

I gazed around, and there close to the street
I saw a drooping vine,
Rich with its purple-tinted blooms, and sweet
With perfume, scenting fine
The gentle summer breeze. It ran o'er trellised bower
Hiding the lattice work complete—each drooping flower
Like stalactites.

Half hidden close beside that flowered screen
A maiden stood, with face
As fair as any I in life had seen,
And regal, artless grace
Her figure bore; her auburn locks contrasted tints
Of softened greens and lilac, catching glints
Of summer lights.

A simple gown of pink, a flowing, untrimmed dress
Enhanced exquisite charms,
A pensive face, of wondrous comeliness,
A goddess ne'er had arms
So ravishingly white; one hand extended grasped
A trellis brace, the other gently clasped
A spiral bloom.

I met her eyes, my soul leaped from its bound,
Those liquid depths bespake
Such pleasant isles, ship "Reason" ran aground,
No light-buoys mark Love's lake;
Her cherry lips were sweetly pursed—a human mock-
ing-bird
Was she, "Bob White" the Lorelei that I heard
Had sealed my doom.

One smile she gave, one roguish, witching smile,
And said, "A simple joke,
My Bob-White call."—So artless, free from guile
And musical she spoke,
Methought that Pan had taught his golden pipes to her
As he had taught Apollo how to stir
Each wind-blown reed.

I wonder—Was the wistaria's strong scent
Of opiate kind,
That froze my tongue, and virulent
Had stupified my mind?
I answered not, 'twas sacrilege for me to speak
To one divine,—I stood there, abject, weak,
Nor dared proceed.

An understanding nod, then like a flash
Of sun on silvered glass

She rushed away.—I heard the water plash
Against the stones, the grass
Beneath my feet, no longer soft, seemed toughened
brake,
No rustic charm was left, no spring could slake
My love-thirst drear.

I've planted vines beside my cottage door,
Wistarias so sweet;
I dream of her, I see her there once more,
My picture's incomplete.
It lacks her voice, her smile, her eyes with mischief's
light,
But when I hear at times a shrill "Bob White,"
Somehow—she's near.

FAREWELL

'Tis sad to part
When in each heart
Such tender recollections lie,
But this we know,
Where'er you go,
Our love for you shall never die.

And from above
We pray God's love
To guide you in your future way;
The good you've done,
The hearts you've won,
Are living memories of your stay.

TWO LETTERS

First Letter, Asking Advice on Matrimony:

My Dearest Friend Charles:—

I am writing this letter
To you as a friend, and also as debtor
Who's beholden to you for favors you've done
In years of the past which so swiftly have run,
And I thought that perhaps, if you would permit,
I'd just ask another for my benefit.
I'm about to embark on that uncharted sea
Which is known by the name of Matrimony,
And I wish you would write in a true lover's way
A couple of verses for my fiancée.

Her charms are so many I could not tell all,
And the name she is known by is sweet Bertha Hall.
Her smile is quite witching, her laughing eyes gleam,
And her lips and her cheeks are just peaches and cream.
Her beautiful tresses are fluffed with such care
I think I could love e'en the puffs in her hair.
Her voice is like Melba's, so full and so clear,
My heart seems to burst with its music and cheer,
And she has the cutest and tiniest feet,
There never were ankles so pretty and neat.
She plays the piano with wonderful care,
You'd listen entranced to "The Maiden's Prayer."
If you could but see her, I'm sure you'd agree
That sweet Bertha Hall is the darling for me.

So, Charles, please, please write a cute little rhyme
Which will tell of the charms of this sweetheart of mine,
And maybe, perhaps, you can give advice
About married life which will help and suffice.
From a married man's standpoint, I wish you'd tell me
If I marry what think you the harvest will be?

Please write me at once, if you have a pen,
Believe me, I am,

Your dearest friend

N—.

*Second Letter**A Homily Addressed to a Prospective Bridegroom*

I have something to say
As I write you to-day,
It's to tell you that I've had a call
To be a great poet.
There's a young amoret
Who's in love with a lady named Hall.

I've not had the pleasure
To meet this sweet treasure,
There's reason for this cogitation.
As I write these few lines
My poor, lonely heart pines
To journey to her habitation.

Because I did marry
Don't think I am chary
Of adoring the girls large and small.
Although I'm not a saint,
In this wish there's no taint,
I would that I knew this Miss Hall.

Now, my dear old friend N——,
I've seen prettier men,
To be handsome, your legs are too thin.
But while this fact is true,
I'll just leave it to you,
With the women you certainly win.

About your fiancée
You have little to say,
Is she built on the lines of a doll?
Are her eyes blue or brown?
What's the style of her gown?
Is she handsome—your charming Miss Hall?

And I think you did say
A piano she'd play,
That her voice was like Melba's in tone.
Well, now, isn't it nice,
You'll both save the price
Of a no-money-down graphophone.

Married life's not all joy,
To its bliss there's alloy,
From love's raptures we all have to fall.
Can your sweetheart bake bread?
Are her biscuits like lead?
Do you know how to darn, Bertha Hall?

Can your dear girl sew stitches
On the seat of your b—(trousers)?
Will she crease your pants' legs on the side?
Can she lug coal and wood
As a modern wife should?
And is snowy white linen her pride?

Say, can you build a fire
Without raising your ire?
Do you know how to ward off a squall?
Maybe you'll be loath
To have to do both,
Have you yet had a scrap with Miss Hall?

Now, is it your bent
To grumble at rent?
Will you at the grocery man curse?
Or will you raise the deuce
When the servants vamoose,
And kick when you need a trained nurse?

Do you care for a baby,
Or several, maybe?
Can you walk them around when they bawl?

When your little girl cries,
Will you tell pretty lies?
Will you say, "You're a darling, Miss Hall?"

Can you eat beans on Sunday,
And again upon Monday,
And chew hash all the rest of the week?
Have you learned how to laugh
When your sweet better half
Feeds you eggs that are somewhat antique?

Will you go on a bat
When you pay for a hat
In spring, summer, winter and fall?
If your wife needs some shoes
Will you then get the blues,
And be cross at your dear Bertha Hall?

On a clear, frosty morning,
When day is just dawning,
Do you mind getting up in the cold?
If you miss a train,
Will your wife be to blame?
Will you give her your money to hold?

Can you hunt for a sample
And be an example
Of a married man's nerve and his gall?
If there's dress goods to match
Will you act like "Old Scratch"?
Can you hook up a dress for Miss Hall?

Now I do not disparage
Nor make fun of marriage,
In fact, I'm a much-married man.
The aim of this letter
You'll see when you get her.
I desire to help all I can.

To you, my old friend,
My best wishes I send.
There is nothing like love, after all.
In true love there is more
Than this world has in store,
So be happy with your Bertha Hall.

THE SPIRE OF SHAWMUT CHURCH

Behold, it stands
Four-square to the world, with a conscious pride
In its structural strength, and its form beside,
Proud of the Thought on the builders' part,
Proud of the soul 'neath the mason's art,
Pointing the way with its five capped peaks
To the higher realms that the pilgrim seeks,
Standing like guard o'er its faith sublime,
With a fine contempt for the march of Time,
Seeing the fruits of the Christ-'riched soil,
Proving the Seed and the Sowers' toil,
Emblem of love and of sacrifice,
Bulwark against every onslaught of vice,
Memory's shaft for the immortal dead
Who trod the same paths that the living now tread.

Worthy art thou, O Spire of God,
To stand until Gabriel's trump sounds abroad,
Hurling the shame of the little souls back
Who shiver and fear in adversity's track,
Deeming it strength to bow to defeat,
And doubting the God that their weak hearts entreat,
Seeing, yet blind with the scales of desire
Uncleansed by an effort to save or acquire.

We who now stand in thy shadow can see
 The Light from above that is smiling on thee,
 And we take hope.

THE SKY IS AWAKE!

*Suggested by a little child, who, seeing the first blush
 of the dawning day, awakens his mother with
 the cry, "Mamma, the sky is awake!"*

Out of the mouths of babes come words with wisdom
 fraught,

The eyes of a child have seen the light of a dawning
 thought,

The sky is awake, awake, and the beams of the rising
 sun

Reveal on cerulean blue a Promised Day begun;

A day when the hopes of men have fruited into life,

A day when a brother's hand replaces a stranger's
 strife,

A day when the tides of youth are impelled by an im-
 pulse strong

To beach on a common shore the wreckages of Wrong.

A day when the bonds of race, and the blood-marked
 bounds of State

Are lost in the Heart of God and the Love that knows
 no hate.

Oh, the sky is awake, awake,—rejoice O Soul of mine!

And open thine eyes, my Heart, and welcome the glad
 sunshine,

The sky is awake, awake, O World with your burdened
 care,

Rejoice with the poet's child o'er your Day of Promise
 fair,

And awake with the glory sky!

SANDY ISLE

When the south-wind comes a-bringing
Springtime birds so sweetly singing

All the while,

Then there comes upon me stealing
Quite a restless, anxious feeling,
And my memory's revealing
Sandy Isle.

I can see the tall pines standing
Like a guard as if commanding

Rock and pile,

And I hear the constant flapping
Of the water gently lapping
Golden sands which are enwrapping
Sandy Isle.

I can see the mountains ranging,
Grand, majestic and unchanging

Mile on mile,

How I often used to wonder
If Dame Nature made a blunder
When she cut from them asunder
Sandy Isle.

I have plucked the sweet mayflower
In each leafy, hidden bower

And defile,

I have heard the bees intoning,
And I've listened to the moaning
Of the trees which are enthroning
Sandy Isle.

I have seen the moon bestrewing
Its fair beams the lake a-wooing
 With a smile,
From your shores I've seen the gleaming
Sunset's brilliant colors streaming
On the waters that lie dreaming,
 Sandy Isle.

I have heard the Storm God raging
As if he were then presaging
 Your exile,
I have watched the lightning flashing,
And I've heard the thunders crashing,
I have seen the waters lashing
 Sandy Isle.

Now the south-wind seems to taunt me,
And these recollections haunt me
 And beguile,
Urban joys on me are palling,
There is little left enthralling,
For I hear your voice a-calling
 Sandy Isle.

THE PASSENGER COACH OF LIFE

I'm riding along in Life's passenger coach,
 Drawn by the engine of Time,
I'm noting the scenes as each mile I approach
 And marking the most sublime.

I'm drowsy at times with the roll of the train,
I'm counting the minutes fly
Till my journey's complete and I shall attain
The land of the bye-and-bye.
And the engine's bell is ringing, ringing,
Hear its metal tones a-singing, singing,
As the wheels of Time are bringing, bringing
Me towards home.

Companions I have in Life's passenger coach,
But few that will sit with me,
For most are afraid that their rights I encroach
If I speak familiarly.
They are all engrossed with the scenes on the way,
We've rode through many a land
Where Youth reigned supreme in the height of its day,
And joy was on every hand.
Still the engine's bell is ringing, ringing,
Hear its metal tones a-singing, singing,
As the wheels of Time are bringing, bringing
Me towards home.

The journey I've made in Life's passenger coach
I can never make anew,
And oft on the trip doth my soul bear reproach
And chide for things lost to view.
Oh, I wish that I could retrace every rod,
And see every sight once more,
Ere my sojourn's at end in the City of God
On the golden shining shore.
But the engine's bell is ringing, ringing,
Hear its metal tones a-singing, singing,
As the wheels of Time are bringing, bringing
Me towards home.

LINES TO A GROTESQUE INKSTAND

Who fashioned thy form,
Thy hideous shape,
With face like a fiend,
With feet like an ape,
With animal legs
Growing out of thy head,
And a sinister leer
O'er thy countenance spread?

What manner of man
Could conceive such a bowl
As a holder of ink?
Was he lacking in soul?
Were esthetic forms
Overdone or passé
That he should have schemed
To cast thee this way?

Perchance this foul fiend
Who once dodged Luther's ink,
Inspired thy lines,
And his motive I think,
To prove that he lives
As of yore, and to lure
The poor poet's mind
From such thoughts as are pure.

I've wondered at times
Why my pen seemed possessed
To write bitter things,
And why I was obsessed
By unholy thoughts
Of a cynical trend,
Which, penned by my hand,
Grieved alike foe and friend.

I see now,—'twas thou
Who hadst guided my pen,
—A grave waits for thee
In the depths of my den,
Thou canst grin if thou wilt
But the brass of thy soul
Shall not enter mine
To bewitch and control.

THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD

Close beside the winding highway,
Part on hill and part on dale,
Lies the peaceful country graveyard,
Where the calms of Death prevail;
By its gray-tinged gleaming headstones,
Blanched by moonlight's rays to white,
Sway the long and unkempt grasses
Bowing to the breezes light.

Many stones have settled deeply,
Some are slanted, as if they
Braced themselves to stand the weary
Years which come and pass away;
Some have fallen and lie buried
In the grasses' tangled maze,
Seen by none but feathered pryers,
Who indifferently gaze.

Nothing melancholy seems here,
For the sun with gladsome light
Shines on hill and dale in splendor,
And the stars peep out at night

As if they were friendly creatures
To the ghostly Time-marked stones,
While the green things grow unconscious
Of the haunts of crumbling bones.

Though the low-fenced yard may hold sad
Memories for those who still
Go there weekly with sweet posies
To mark graves upon the hill,
Yet for most of us,—mere passers,
Naught invites nor doth suggest
Of the painful thoughts which surely
Sears the souls with grief possessed.

There are no walks quite so pleasant
In the hours of afternoon,
Or in soft and golden moonlight,
As these haunts where mem'ries croon;
No depression, but sweet, peaceful,
Calm and beauty doth enthrall,
E'en the clouds which float above it
Seem to soothe the cares of all.

Somehow, few can sense the graveyard,
Or appreciate its charm,
Long have vulgar superstitions,
Morbidity done it harm;
But to those of us who love it
There is nothing grewsome here.
All is cheerful calm and pleasant,
Naught to inculcate a fear.

Just a book, a friend, or mayhap
Pad for sketching, is delight
In the quaint old country graveyard
With its gleaming stones of white:

And I think if Dead were conscious
They would not refuse to share
Rest with undisturbing mortals
Who perchance might frequent there.

There's a charm about the graveyard,
Peace mysterious, divine,
And the antique stones have truly
Lent me thoughts with grandeur fine;
And no simple joys or pleasures
Can profane Death's symbols rife,
Any more than laughing breezes,
Or the blue-bird's happy life.

Yes, I love the country graveyard,
Somehow, it has seemed to me
That its spirit breathes a lesson
Which, when heeded, makes men free;
Free from fear, and free from worry,
For the peace Death typifies
Is that peace which passeth knowledge
Of God's home beyond the skies.

THE SEEDLING THOUGHT.

Only a fractional percent
To brook the powers of night,
Only a few from Heaven are sent
To lead the way to light,
Only a speck in a mighty realm,
A sprout of an infant's tooth,
But God! what a power to overwhelm
The enemies of Truth.

Only a fractional percent,
A seed on the winds of Time,
But its shell-like form clasps a continent
Which shall spring from the muck and slime,
Only a joke to the pampered few,
A laugh to their coward serfs,
Let the minions crow with their soul-pledged crew
Who are civilization's scurfs.

Only a fractional percent,
Let the powers that rule, beware,
Lest through this streak, Life's firmament
Bursts forth in one bright glare,
Lest the shackles fall from a slavish race,
Lest the fears of Fear depart,
Lest the rust cats through Wrong's metal, base,
And gold shines from man's heart.

Only a fractional percent,
The strength of a new-born's hand
Is ever a source of wonderment,
None ever can understand!
And, like the babe, the gauge of its might
Is found in its grip, it clings
With firmness to Truth, and holds to the right,
And courage to weakness brings.

Only a fractional percent,
Yes,—but the leaven that moves
The sluggish to rise, and the Cause foment,
And ever its spirit proves,
Sneer if you will, ye who cling to the past,
Teach if you must age-cursed rot,
Wallow in doubts which like fog-banks are massed,
But—Watch out for the Seedling Thought!

THE MEASURE OF LIFE.

The measure of life is Service,
The gauge of our God's final test,
The proof of the Master within us,
The justified life at its best;
The note of sincerity's being
Which rings like a vessel of gold,
The force of a brother-man feeling
That proves men were cast in God's mould.

The measure of life is Service,
The unselfish service for man,
Reflecting that finer devotion
Evinced in Divinity's plan;
That plan for transcendent conception,
Which gave to us earth-born its all,
And loosened the knot of Sin's tying
That long held our race in its thrall.

The measure of life is Service,
The portion you mete shall be yours,
There's a good and a bad compensation,
'Tis one of Eternity's laws;
There's joy to be had in the doing
Of Service which may come your way,
Regrets make a mark on the future
Should Service not measure your day.

AU REVOIR, MISS JO

Must you go, Miss Jo?

Must you go and sail the sea
To a place that's far from me,
Leaving only thoughts of thee,
Must you really go?

Ere you go, Miss Jo,

Tell me, have you one regret
Leaving those you here have met.
Would you cancel friendship's debt
Ere you go, Miss Jo?

As you go, Miss Jo,

Will the thoughts of days now past
Cheer you on the ocean vast,
Tell me, will our friendship last,
As you go, Miss Jo?

Where you go, Miss Jo,

Are there friends who'll be as dear
To you as the friends left here?
Do you think they'll be sincere
Where you go, Miss Jo?

When you go, Miss Jo,

When you take your last farewell,
Say some word which will dispel
Sorrow without parallel
Which I know, Miss Jo.

Why you go, Miss Jo,

You alone can answer best,
I have no right to protest.
But you'll pardon this request,
Don't go, Miss Jo.

THE CLICK OF THE WIELDED PICK

Oh, I like to list to the wielded pick
As it strikes against the stone,
For the rhythm of song is in every click
And sweet is its metal tone,
And sweet is its metal tone.

Oh, it sings a song of labor and toil,
Of sinew and sturdy brawn,
Of the human ants who struggle and toil
Like slaves from the early dawn,
Like slaves from the early dawn.

Oh, it tells of things that are soon to be,
Of conflicts great and small,
Oh it tells of life and its dignity
And the future for us all,
And the future for us all.

Oh, it's two sharp tines rend the earth in twain,
And they point the way to gold,
Were everything lost then the pick again
Would restore a hundred fold,
Would restore a hundred fold.

Oh, I like to list to the wielded pick
As it strikes against the stone,
For the rhythm of song is in every click
And sweet is its metal tone,
And sweet is its metal tone.

TO MR. FORBES-ROBERSTON
Interpreter of the Beautiful Character of
"THE PASSER-BY"
These lines are respectfully inscribed.

It is somewhat like painting the lily,
Or scenting the violet blue,
To add to the sweetness and beauty
Of thoughts which are portrayed by you.

I.

THE WANDERER.

I am a wanderer. Lo, the Son of Man
Had neither home nor place to lay his head.
But ever weary, footsore, weak and wan
He traversed o'er the fields and roads that led
Unto the city of the holy ark,
Healing the sick and giving sight to those
Whose vision from their birth was ever dark;
He was a wanderer until life's close.

O you who act the Christ upon life's stage
And teach by inference His subtle thought,
I pray that in this dark and sordid age
Your play will teach the world what Christ has
taught;
That you may ope the eyes of inner sight
Which view the soul that God has given men,
And by the virtue of that holy light
Redeem each soul with purity again.

II.

WILFUL WOMEN.

Women are wilful, and the kindest are
Truly the wilfulest. 'Twas always so.
For e'en in my poor home my brightest star
Which in life's darkest spots reflects its glow
And guides me towards that goal I long have sought
Hath seemed at times so wilful in its way
That I rebelled and wandered in my thought
As madly as careens the owl in day.

I fain would choose and choose for self alone,
And choosing thus, have stumbled oft and fell,
And only by the light of love that shone,
Though wilful, have I saved my soul from hell.
For I have learned that woman's wilful mind
Bespeaks a deep and underlying plan
Which elevates, ennobles human-kind
And makes me for the nonce a better man.

III.

REFLECTED BRIGHTNESS.

Where'er you are, if so be that you will,
Your very presence shall the world make bright,
And where before, each face foreboded ill,
A smile shall rest of peace and glad delight.
Your very coming serves to make hope real,
•Your going leaves a sorrowed prayer behind,
The meanest soul in all the world shall kneel
To pray the Lord to bless you and your kind.

I seem to see from out the poet's eyes
The places where you've left your gladsome cheer,
Where hitherto were dark and lowering skies,
The sun of happiness shines bright and clear.
I see the stolid faces of the past
Re-kindled with the light of God's own love.
I hear His voice from out the heavens vast
Declare again that you were born of love.

IV.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

It will be pleasant when old age shall come
And leave its imprint on life's closing day,
When I, like other mortals, shall succumb
To Time's strict mandate, and at last obey
Dame Nature's laws, immutable, severe,
For me to gaze in retrospective view
Upon the time when I was with you here
And think that I, perhaps, was help to you.

Oh Time whose majesty's enthroned for aye
Can ne'er remove the good which we have done.
Eternity with all it means shall die
Ere one such deed shall fade like setting sun,
And memory shall be forever bright,
And treasured shall that thought forever be,
That while, perhaps, I helped you in the right,
You, my friend, in obedience helped me.

V.

MIDDLE AGE.

Sometimes I think life's best is middle age,
When the poetry of youth and prose of years
Are written both together on life's page,
When youth impetuous is checked by fears,
When childhood dreams are realized, or forgot,
When first there comes a glimpse of Heaven's plan,
A realization of that sublime thought,
The Infinite made manifest in man.

When gilded halls attract not more than do
The sombre naves of cloisters reared to God,
When pity, love, and thoughts that they imbue
Have taught us to respect the chastening rod;
When love's synonymous with God and truth,
When Hope shines to us like a glittering star.
Then middle age, the self-way time, gives proof
To me at least that it is best by far.

VI.

HUMOR.

What light and air are to the things which grow,
What rain is to the parched and heat-dried field,
So in each life is humor which we know
Though only few its pointed shafts can wield.
It adds unto our daily lives a zest,
Gives piquancy to e'en the sluggish thought.
It is delightful when it is at best,
And makes its master by the world besought.

I sometimes wonder if the angels use
This sixth sense of the finite, earth-born soul,
And if at times they e'er have deigned to choose
To notice wit which seems to us so droll.
I wonder if the Calvinistic hell
Has funny sprites who makes its inmate's lot
A cheerful one, in spite of where they dwell,
By humorous quips of some Icelandic spot.

VII.

JOYS OF LIFE.

It's a fine thing to live and to give life,
By that, I mean to make your other self
(Whom you've acknowledged to the world as wife
And set above all thought of gold or pelf),
See in your presence all the hopes of years,
Read in your eyes your love and all love means.
Cherish the words with which you dry the tears
Which often on the face of woman gleams.

It's a fine thing to live, and when life's setting sun
Fades like the last blush o'er the western hills,
When gold and red give place to sombre dun,
When ocean deeps have swallowed shallow rills,
Then will the joys of life be judged in truth,
Then will you know that life you gave to her
Was the foundation of eternal youth,
Which waits for you beyond the sepulchre.

VIII.

THE TRUEST LOVE.

In the world's book so full of vulgar things
Which tell of love, some dying and some dead.
It is most pleasant to find one that rings
As true in age as when on youth it fed.
It is to me like a Utopian dream
By some strange chance made real and manifest.
I read in it a glorious anthem's theme,
Which only can be sung by Heaven's blest.

For truest love sees in the withered flower
A beauty which it owned when first it grew,
Protects it from the fierce and sudden shower,
And bathes its sweetness in the autumn dew.
And though there's many a promise broken,
And the world's book has many pages torn,
I have seen some whose love gives every token
Of being just as true as when 'twas born.

IX.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Nothing, friends, is more beautiful to me
Than love which weathered all the storms of life
And still sails smoothly on a pleasant sea,
Nor dreads the spots with storms and billows rife.
For, like a ship with white, outstanding sail,
Timbered with oak and sturdy, well-wrought keel,
It fears not, cares not, for the fiercest gale
When love, its guiding hand, is at the wheel.

No fog shall cloud its glistening, shining wake,
No storms shall bend each sturdy, knotted mast.
No rocks nor shoal their toll of lives shall take,
It bids defiance to the icy blast,
And like a white-winged bird of peace it goes
From port to port, and in a quiet way
It spreads its sweetness like a blushing rose,
And proves that love, when true, has strength to stay.

X.

THE PERFECT LOVE.

The love of the young for the old and gray,
When reverence and honor and all they mean
And deference that's due to age we pay,
Is life's beginning. But there's more, I ween,
Than that sweet love,—the love of old for old.
Ah! that, my friends, bespeaks eternity.
There is no dross, but only purest gold,
'Tis moulded out in perfect symmetry.

No tinkling cymbals make its presence known.
No vaunting boast like sounding brass is there,
But a pure love that has for years been grown
And needs no voice its accents to declare.
For when that love which perfect is shall come,
Then that which is in part shall pass away,
And love of old for old completes life's sum,
That is the perfect love,—for that we pray.

XI.

THE MEETING PLACE OF FRIENDS.

The meeting place of friends, I have heard tell,
Is in the home, the school, the busy mart,
But would you know where all true friendships dwell?
The meeting place of friends is in the heart.
No friendship's real unless the heart extends
Its cordial welcome to its friendly guest,
And there should never be a thing 'twixt friends
Which would prevent its offering the best.

For friendship's like a tree which grows and grows,
Whose roots are fed by Heaven's gentle rain,
And every drop of friendly rain that goes
Into its roots renews its life again.
And no heart is too small to hold a place
For every friend and keep each place apart,
So, friends, this thought from memory ne'er efface,
The meeting place of friends is in the heart.

XII.

OLDEN THOUGHTS.

I love to talk of old things and old times,
Old books, old friends, old manners, and beguile
The passing hours with the olden rhymes,
Review the vagaries of each, ancient style,
And like the poet of an age that's gone
My days among the dead are often passed.
I see the mighty minds of old shine on,
Their lustre ne'er bedimmed nor e'er out-classed.

For in those old thoughts we but live again,
And what is life but simply doing o'er
The old time things with all their joy and pain,
And modern wisdom is but ancient lore.
Eternity, when summed up, means but this;
There is no old, there is no new, and youth
When touched by Time's regenerating kiss
Receives a vision of eternal truth.

XIII.

LOVE GOES ALL THE WAY.

I summoned my two servants, both were strong,
And bade them take two packs I fain would send
Upon a journey that was very long,
And leave them at the hearthstone of my friend.
One servant's name was Love, the other, Duty,
Alike in some respects, in others not.
Love was fair and garlanded in beauty,
While Duty looked severe with anxious thought.

They started off upon the rugged road,
I watched them as they climbed the lofty hill,
Each bravely bearing up the heavy load,
Each looked as though his task he would fulfill.
But, ere they reached the scraggled mountain's top,
Poor Duty fell and quit to my dismay,
And then I knew when Love refused to stop,
"Duty so soon tires—Love goes all the way."

XIV.

HOPE.

It is the helpless and the fallen soul
That holds within its depths nobility,
And we should with its sin and griefs condole
And learn each good and noble quality;
For no man falls so low upon this earth
But what some great and lasting good he owns,
And when the Christ in him has found its birth
The evil sins and thoughts it soon dethrones.

The greatest men of all the times were those
Who sinned repeatedly and often fell,
And yet when Christ Himself in them arose
They saved their souls from out the depths of Hell.
For often sin and shame are born where love
Has found no opportunity to show
Its God-like attributes drawn from above,
Nor chance has had its kindnesses to know.

XV.

THE MISSION OF ART.

O, ugliness is but skin deep, young man,
And art its duty is to help reveal
The beauteous thought which underlies God's plan
Which He, Creator, thought best to conceal.
The chestnut burr is rough and sharp with thorns,
Yet holds a sweet and tasty meat within;
The sweetest spirit often times adorns
The heart that's hidden 'neath an ugly skin.

And though the sculptured marble oft proclaims
A beauty lacking in the living man,
The sculptor's honest when his chisel aims
To interpret God's divine, noble plan.
As Nature, when an earthquake's force is spent,
Oft leaves great things before our wondering gaze
In treasures of a very large extent,
So art should paint the inner beauty's ways.

XVI.

THE GREAT PRIVILEGE.

It is a great privilege to be deemed
Worthy to suffer for some great cause or good,
And only righteous men are so esteemed
That they are chosen from the common brood.
The idle, indolent, indifferent kind
Are never asked to bear the brunt of toil,
Nor do they ever gain immortal mind
Or reap the best fruits of the tiller's soil.

And Christ Himself has been the guiding star
Of those who've suffered long and patiently,
And they have looked with hopeful eyes afar
To that fair land which ever theirs will be;
And though at times the pain and grief they bear
Seems to o'erwhelm them in life's darkened room,
They ne'er should be bowed down by dark despair,
For angels gladly would their tasks assume.

XVII.

REGENERATING THOUGHT.

The thought of youth it is that shall remake
The old world into one of youth again,
And in that thought all care we shall forsake
And age and such things ne'er will burden men.
For youth is but the springtime of our life,
When hills are green and skies are clear and blue,
And age to man seems naught but care and strife,
With lowering clouds which hide the sun from view.

And when those thoughts possess and cheer the heart,
There'll be no age, for youth will be supreme,
And all will be just springtime's counterpart,
And God's own sun of happiness will gleam.
The world itself is countless ages old,
And still is young, for aeons yet shall speed
Ere it shall die and all its days be told,
And age, if there be age, shall come indeed.

XVIII.

ALTRUISM.

Some people think the ego that's in all,
With selfish thoughts and motives that they make,
Predominates in man since Adam's fall
And no pure, altruistic instincts wake.
Because, since man to man is oft unjust,
Since princes wear the ermine and the gold,
Since beggars feed upon the husk and crust,
They can no generosity behold.

But there are many fellows whom I know
Are generous and kind, and always share
With all the world what Heaven doth bestow,
And do it with a tact and talent rare.
And it's this type of men that doth belie
The cynical and narrow minded kind,
They give their all with smile, nor reason why,
And leave all thought of self and gain behind.

XIX.

THE LOWLY JEW.

So many of the noblest men I've known
Whom I have loved, were Jews, by all revered,
Men in whose simplest actions have been shown
To live in truth the faith in which they're reared;
Whose ancestors were richly blest by God,
Who were by Abraham and Moses led,
Who o'er that beauty-land of promise trod,
Who were by Heaven's bounteous manna fed.

Theirs is a race so rich in deed and name,
That I, poor scribbler of this verse, would say
That oft I hang and hide my head in shame
To think that some their ignorance display,
And, since the world condemns, reviles and scorns,
Have persecuted, drove from place to place,
The lowly Jew.—And He Who wore the thorns,
Who gave His life for all, was of this race.

XX.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

What does my lover offer me? Wealth? No,
But poverty and struggles, hopes and fears,
And pain and joy; a life where love will grow
Triumphant o'er the swiftly passing years;
A home where love shall reign supreme, and hope
Is ever manifested in our lives,
Whose very presence gives us strength to cope
With trouble and the things on which it thrives.

What does my lover offer me? Life? Yes,
A life of peace, where Love and God both reign,
Where each one strives in honor to possess
The noble things a better life would gain.
Where parentage is held to be divine,
Where baby voices laugh and crow in glee,
Where love is looked on as a blessed shrine,
These are the things my lover offers me.

XXI.

THE BETTER SELF.

There are those whose better self lies slain,
By their own hand, to trouble them no more,
Who've sacrificed their virtue just to gain
The fruits which sin doth seem to hold in store;
Who, lo, these many years were dead to love
And purity and all its inward joy,
Who catch no glimpses of the light above,
And cast aside their birthright as a toy.

But thou, sweet child, can never be like these,
Thy better self controls thy every move,
And wouldst thou e'er thy baser spirit please,
Thy better self would chide thee and reprove.
It is too strong for you to disobey,
Thank God for that, and try each day to show
Yourself obedient to its benign sway,
And live the Christ life here on earth below.

XXII.

I KNOW YOUR VOICE.

I know your voice. I hear it in the wind;
I hear it in the silence of the night.
Its echoes sweetly vibrate on my mind,
Though never do I comprehend it quite.
I list unto its soft and gentle tones
In meadow brooks and in each gurgling rill,
It cries to me from out the very stones,
And everywhere its accents haunt me still.

It conjures up the scenes of childhood days,
When pure of heart I wandered in the wood
And listened to the linnet trill its lays
Of happiness and peace.—Then life seemed good,
And God was close at hand, and I could hear
That still, small voice which prompted me to be
All that my inner soul had long held dear,
And purest love was its affinity.

XXIII.

THE FEAR OF BEING GREAT.

The fear of being great is what keeps men
Forever little both in mind and soul,
And many a man with talents more than ten
Has dared not try to reach the mighty's goal.
The coward thought has gripped them in its hold,
The fear that genius is of different clay,
That God Who fashioned broke its spirit's mould
When one such soul was sent upon its way.

Oh, we who view the world with older eyes,
Should shout this truth from housetops everywhere,
And tell our youth that he who really tries
The ripe fruits of true greatness will he share.
And that this fear of which I've spoke in rhyme
Is foolish, vain, and speaks of cowardice,
And only those who rise to heights sublime
Can understand what living truly is.

XXIV.

THE WORLD'S NEED.

The whole round world is but a woman's child.
Its childish instincts claim what mothers give,
Maternal love, sweet, pure and undefiled
It must have if its better self would live.
Her tenderness, supreme in everything,
The self-denial which all mothers own,
The mother-thought of which the poets sing
And other attributes by mothers shown.

The whole round world of which we are a part
Reflects our feelings be they good or ill,
And what we own to our dear mother's heart
The world doth own to God's Infinite will.
And it receives from Him who gave it birth
The same sweet tenderness and love which we
Who can appreciate our mother's worth
Enjoy and bless her for eternally.

XXV.

GIVING.

You have learned it.—The deepest, noblest joy
In all the world is giving what you may,
For kings whom many pleasures seem to cloy
No better fun nor happiness essay;
The slavey in her daily life of toil
Can know its joy as well as knighted peer,
And all in life who are compelled to moil,
Or idle rich, can own its gladsome cheer.

And ever happiest of the lot are those
Who give away where naught can be returned,
Who ne'er in ostentatious manner pose,
Who have of poverty their kindness learned.
The secret of a happy life is this,
A blessed life whose poteney is great,
It's giving without stint or prejudice,
And every thought of self subordinate.

XXVI.

TRANSIENT BEAUTY.

All men and women are fair. Some you know
Are fairer than others, 'tis Nature's fault,
For had she but endeavored to bestow
Her charms alike, there'd be none would revolt.
But wise old Nature knew what we do not,
Though beauty, grace and kindred things abound
In all her realms, equality is not
And never will in anything be found.

So it behooves all those who fairest are
To be considerate, and bear in mind
That they have more to make them so by far,
And should in consequence be truly kind.
For beauty's but a fading, passing flower,
It buds, it blossoms, and it drops away,
Forgot it is in but a fleeting hour,
By all who marked its beauty in its day.

XXVII.

SUBSERVIENCY.

No man may accept a gift with honor—
Save from a friend, a friend that he knows well,
Who, when friendship prompts him to be donor
Gives more than e'en the gift itself could tell;
Whose heart and soul go out in loving thought,
Whose prayers attend the simplest proffered gift,
Whose act in kindness and love's begot,
Whose motives none would ever think to sift.

But where pure love doth prompt the giver's hand,
No servile motives underlie the act,
Then honor, truth and rectitude shall stand
And vouch for its sincerity in fact.
But well it is for young men to beware,
For often in a gift there is implied
Subserviency or that which might ensnare
And by acceptance would their honor cast aside.

XXVIII.

LOVE AND THE FEAR OF POVERTY.

Love! She is a woman, and she can love
All men save one, and with all men may dwell
Save he alone who fears the mailed glove,
The snorting charger and the battle smell;
The coward, who betrays love with a kiss,
Whose very glance turns sweetness into gall,
Who lives a life of wicked avarice
Which love espews,—she'll none of him at all.

It is not poverty's grim self alone
Which drives love out from the poor cottage door,
But fear of poverty which has been known
To wreck our hopes and lives forevermore,
And often has that fear been proved to be
Absurd and groundless yet too late in life
To call back love and its sweet purity
Which once acknowledged was by man and wife.

XXIX.

A PROMISE.

There will come days, perhaps, my friend, which will
Recall a promise made when life was young,
When tempters try to lead you down the hill,
When sirens lure with silver music sung;
When righteous thoughts might savor of a prude,
When Satan comes bedecked in guise of friend,
And seeks your soul with sinful pleasures lewd,
Then will that promise made its strength extend.

For promises are like the iron bar
The builder uses in his concrete wall;
Cement alone might stand the shock and jar,
But iron binds and strengthens 'gainst a fall.
And every righteous promise which we make
And resolution to attempt the best
Will steel our souls in trial, and awake
The memories which long have been at rest.

XXX.

A GLADSOME GIFT.

You shall give to me, my friends, this gladsome gift,
That I can keep and cherish and enjoy,
Which will, when memories overwhelm me, lift
Each troubled doubt which would my peace destroy.
A promise of a love without an end
Which you'll forever to each other hold,
That never will with dross nor baseness blend
But always gleam as doth the purest gold.

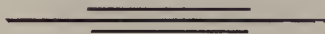
For love 'twixt man and woman doth reflect
A higher love which we believers know,
And how can we that heavenly love expect
If ever we this earthly love outgrow?
For love is life and life is God, and all
Harmoniously are blended into one,
And when Death's angel blows the trumpet call
Eternal life and love shall be begun.

XXXI.

LEAVE-TAKING.

Leave-takings are but sadness wasted, quite,
We meet in life, we part in death, and yet
Our parting is but passing in the night
And never should we this sweet thought forget;
That night-time passes, and the rising sun
Proclaims another day in which we meet,
Each radiant with a new life just begun,
A life where we renew our friendship sweet.

I also am a servant and have work
Which I must do,—my Father now commands
That I depart and go where troubles lurk
Help bind again the parted, broken strands
Of love and hope. Good bye, my friend, good bye.
I shall return in God's own time; till then
With all the noblest thoughts in life comply,
Be true to self, and love thy fellow men.



O, thou interpreter of love and truth,
We never will forget thy sublime art;
Thy mirrored face regenerates with youth
And reflects sunshine in each troubled heart.

TOO PROUD TO PRAY

She was too proud to pray;
Too proud,
And yet—
Her life was but a voiceless prayer
Living her hopes, unuttered,
Rare in the beauty of a Perfect Prayer;
ONE knew, and answered,—then
I came into her world,
Apart, yet in a world of men,
Sang of *Her* song,
Her kindled faith to share,
Read of her heart
And saw—
The woman there,
God:—What a prayer,
What a prayer!

She was too proud to pray,
Too proud,
But that was in her yesterday,
For now
Her inner soul, unfettered, leaps
To Him,
And rings
With music of remembered things
Lost in her wayward pride,
Voicing in symphony of prayer
That which is bare
Of pride,

And I,—I care,
And dare;
God:—What a prayer,
What a prayer.

SONNET.

To Virginia.

I gathered blushing roses kissed by June,
I pressed their tender petals to my heart,
And then, as children do, I tore apart
Their scented loveliness; (my life's at noon)
And though the leaves were by soft winds bestrewn
I took the perfumed sweetness to the mart
In jars that Memory fashioned by her art
So I might keep the spirit of the June.
How like, Virginia, are thy roses now
To Spring-time's crowning glories, fresh and sweet?
Yet Time will rend thy blooms, and years, somehow
Bear off the rapturous red of youth's conceit,
But Memory lives and holds for me I trow,
The pure child fragrance in thy soul complete.

I NEVER KNEW.

I never knew how much the love you gave me,
I never knew the pain you bore to save me,
 I never knew, I never knew;
Nor did I see the anguish and the sorrow,
The stifled fears that dreaded each to-morrow,
Nor did I note how far the tide had brought me
Until the eddy's swirl enticed and caught me,
I did not see,—the mists had so enwrapped me,
And but for you remorseful rocks had trapped me,
The lights of Love your heart's true beacon showing
Redeemed and saved despite my weak, unknowing,
"I never knew,—I never knew."

I never knew what fools men are at morning,
Their rising sun but blinds them in itsorning;
 I never knew, I never knew;
Yet graying tones of Time my skies are blending,
Through misted eyes I see your love transcending,
I see from heights, new found, my land of glory,
And couriers bring me Wisdom's grapes, and story
Of greening woods, of lakes and towering mountains,
Of poets' rests beside Hope's gushing fountains,
And as I see, I fear not dark around me
Nor dare to say since in the fog you found me,
"I never knew,—I never knew."

HIS HEART WAS YOUNG

In Memoriam

JAMES B. HAWKINS

He was not old, although the fruited years
Were measured by a four-score written guage,
His heart was young and laughed at whitened age
With all its frailties and its common fears.

Strong in his faith, a faith ingrained in youth,
His Christ had worn for him a joyful mien,
That often he in visioned prayer had seen,
I knew it, for his life reflected Truth.

Wise were his words, and yet was Wisdom's tongue
Tempered and ruled by a kind father's love
And soft his tone, as fluttered wing of dove
When teaching needed lessons to the young.

The children knew,—they sensed his finer soul,
They gathered 'round, his hands were ever held
In childish clasp, nor yet was one compelled
Save in that love that gave him sweet control.

His life was calm, though raging tempests stirred
And sorrow churned its placid seas to foam,
He crossed the bar and brought his frail craft home
Through course once set by God's Eternal Word.

He is not dead! No, that could never be,
For Death is Life, and life not far away
But pulsed with ours, and through the endless day
He lives, and still his Spirit walks with me.

THE GENTLE LIFE

In Memoriam

REV. J. V. CLANCY

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,—'This was a man!'"—SHAKESPEARE.

This privilege was mine,—I knew the man,
His life, so calm, 'twas like a placid pool
Kissed by the willows in the wooded glen,
Its deeps reflecting Heaven's smiling blue
And in its close confines embracing all
The Universe above.

I loved the man;
His gentle life appealed to men like me.
The elements that make for noble souls
So blended were into his earthly form
That common folk, whose eyes are dim at best,
Could see the Moulder's hand that fashioned him
And purged his clay of dross.

I heard the man;
The Sabbath morns I've sat beneath his spell
When unembellished truths of gospel lore
Breathed with the still warm mist of Spirit faith,
Soothed and inspired the restless soul I own,
Sweet memories all shall be, and evermore
Remembrances of joy.

I saw the man;
I watched him when the fateful shadows fell,
No coward words betrayed an anxious thought,
If fears there were, his faith supremely stilled
And cast them out. His was the faith that sang.
His true and constant prayer, "Thy will be done;"
He never doubted God.

I marked the man;
As one whom Heaven had sent on earth to lead,
To teach and guide, and point the upward way,
I marked him well, and now, in retrospect
I see what I saw not while he was near,
The greatness of humility, 'twas that
Which proved and gave him place.

I've missed the man;
Since he has gone, the curtains low are drawn,
Nor I alone, his world still mourns him dead;
But God had need, His servant's work was done.
Our word must be "Amen"; yet suns will shine
Never again so bright for those whose hands
Have felt the warmth of his. God loved this man.

THE KINDEST MAN

*"The kindest man, the best conditioned and unwearied spirit
in doing courtesies."*—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In Memoriam

REV. HENRY E. WARREN

The kindest man;
Some thoughts transcend our studied themes,
The pen I hold can ill express
The measure of his nobleness,
For like an angel in my dreams
He comes—the man whose heart was kind.

The kindest man;

O, friends, if I could only tell
The kindly things that marked and showed
The soul of him whose radiance glowed
And echeered beyond a parallel
Save Christ:—You'd see the Christ behind!

The kindest man;

I saw the holy balm of Love
Which he, the ministrant, gave all.
I heard the words that broke the thrall
Of sin, and taught of God above
To men:—In him, I saw God's mind.

The kindest man;

Beneath his bounds of fleshly dress
A quiet conscience peaceful lay,
Unshrinking from the light of day.
His hope of Everlastingness
Was real, and from on High divined.

The kindest man;

He smote the rock that stemmed the stream
From founts of Love;—he held the eup
And gave a measure or a sup
To those who asked for Life supreme
And Hope. No soul he e'er declined.

The kindest man;

Death is a jewel in the crown
Of him whose form returns to dust.
Its beauteous gleam reflects the just
And holy life. Though dark comes down
On us,—still shines its light inshrined.

The kindest man;

O Grave, where is thy sting?

O Death, thy victory is naught!

He lives forever in our thought.

We pluck the blooms of gardening

He did, and all of them remind

Of him:—the kindest man.

The man whose heart was kind.

THE GLORY AND SHAME OF GOD

God created man. He breathed into the mould

His sacred breath, and from the base arose

A prodigy of earth! Supreme o'er finite things

And heir to infinite. Creative power He gave

In all save life. As dwelling place He loaned

The gem of all His millioned stars,

He bade man live;—live, and joy in life;

Man was the glory of God!

God created man. The power He gave to clay

Grew insolent and arrogated all to self;

Denied the right to create life, man joyed

And reveled in destruction's fearful might.

He killed, yet not content with slaughter of the brute,

The instruments of death he hurled upon his kind

For fancied wrongs. The Universe sheds tears.

Man is the shame of God!

THE HYPOCRITE

Thus spake the Hypocrite:

"I did not seek this thing, 'twas thrust upon
My meek and lowly self, Oh foul the deed!
Here lie my hero dead, for me they died,
Nor questioned why, and all because of those
Who, like a host of vandals seeking prey,
Sought to destroy and lay our land to waste.
Rude, lustful men, not knowing kultur's pride,
Deaf to the mandates from my august throne
Prompted by Love, with none of War's desire,
Which, if obeyed, would make this mundane world
Utopia for all."

The Poet Deigus Reply:

"O, base, unworthy wearer of thine ermine robes,
Thy acts belie thy weak and supine words,
Were twenty years of ceaseless, studied toil
To hoard the garnered crops that Death had sown
For naught but love? Was it for this you heaped
A golden minted store, and builded vast
And mighty arsenals, where molten steel
Ran like the freshet brooks in molds of Hell?
Was it for Love thy banquet toasts were made
To that e'er nearing and designed-for 'Day'?
Was Love the prompter when thy men prepared
With thy consent the noxious, poisoned gas
To blast and kill? Was this all done for naught?
Go, shed thy tears,—the whirlwinds sown of yore
Have gathered force, and even now o'erwhelm
And frighten thee. I would not change my place,
My humble lodge, a poet's frugal life,
For all the vast estates and honors thine
Were consciences to be exchanged, and hearts,
I sing of Love, not hate, save to thy kind,
Thou hypocrite!"

LOOK TO THE END

*The Sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine
prompted this poem.*

The German Empire is no more,
The hand that struck unseen
An ocean's ruling queen
Has stricken hearts of millions more
Than sank in waters green,
Cursed be that hand unseen!

The Emperor of Hate has smiled,
And in his smile he lost
What centuries have cost,
The reverence born to German child,
A people's love embossed
On Union's shield;—yes, lost!

Oh, we whose veins prove Teuton sires,
Who heretofore were proud
Of German traits endowed,
Must grasp Hate's fagots from War's fires,
And hide its deeds with shroud,
O, God!—and we've been proud!

THE YELLOW CLOUD

A cloud, a yellow cloud, and deep and dense
(Methought the farmer-gods burned saffron pitch
Or damped the stubble from their garnered fields
To smother flame, save for a breath to fan
Their slow consuming fire) it rose. The sun,
My laughing, joyous sun, that sang of Hope
And gave me life, a poet's life—yea, more—
Was lost to view, and, but for truant rays,
Tinged with a yellow cast, the day was done,

And with a rush the winds of Heaven shook
And swayed the giants of my little world,
I thought them strong (I mean the oaks and pines
My sires planted in the bygone years),
Some fell, their roots exposed a worthless clay,
But most stood firm, though beat by scourging blasts
And hissed by mocking Voices of the winds.

And I—I was afraid. I looked, and lo!
In the blackening deeps of the cloud I saw
(As though I had gazed on a silvered glass
That mirrored the deeds of a demon world)
A picture of War! Men mounted and afoot,
Guns, weltering steel, man's vulture-like planes,
The gray of the froth-churning fleets of the sea,
The eye of the seeing yet shadowless boat
Still lying beneath the crests of the waves;
All this did I see, and more. In the west
Leered a Mongol face with a jealous hate
Expressed thereon. And then a shadow hand
Wrote with a blood-dipped pen (a broken spear)
These dismal words—"For you to come, for you!"

I closed my eyes, the Coward-thought had gripped
And held me bound—and then, to view again
I opened them. Behold! That yellow cloud
Had almost disappeared. Its fleeting fringe
Formed on the blue of the heavenly bowl
As though it were writ by the Maker's hand,
The one word "Fear." I knelt, and understood;
The sun drove off the winds. My little world
Once more rejoiced; the fallen trees I left
That I might be reminded of these truths;
Fear is a cloud, a shadow, seeming real,
Portentous glooms give way to joyous suns,
The winds of doubt can but uproot the weak,
No more I'll fear again. Fear is not real.

THE RETINUES

Like a bolt from out the sky,
With its vivid, blinding flash,
Like the thunder's grinding crash,
Like the wind-waves on the rye,
On the shimmering, ghostly wings
Of the man-birds of the air,
With the bombast and the flare
Of the iron hulls of kings,
So came War.

Like the frightened mew-gull's flight,
Rising swift with startled cries,
As the circled white moon dies
In the cloud-black depths of night,
'Midst the dirges of the weak
And the fear-doubts of the strong,
'Midst the vaunt of martial song
And the sword blade's cut-air shriek,
So fled Peace.

Followed each a retinue,
War, the mighty, proudly stalked,
Close-heeled by the hosts who walked
Liveried in sombre hue
Of the Grand Duke Death, the grave,
Goaded by Wrong's fancied stings
And by bravura of kings,
Honest hosts, yet withal slaves,
Slaves of War.

Like the vultures of the plain,
Tagging on, and grasping tight,
Came the spectres of War's night,
Chortling o'er their toll of slain
Full accoutred, Famine rode,
Pestilence ranged to and fro,
Poverty, like carrion crow,
Ate the seeds that Peace had sowed,
Seeds of Love.

Such a retinue had War.
Peace, the passive, when she fled,
Marched with Progress straight ahead
To the realms of Future Law.
Justice rode on jewelled seat,
Wealth and Honor marked the way,
Industry linked hands with Play,
Hope, victorious o'er defeat,
Ensigns bore.

When the War-clouds have been rent,
When Love's seeds once more take root
And the blood-riched ground bears fruit,
When the strength of Might is spent,
When a sane world, now o'er thrown
By grim War and retinue,
Holds its futile ends in view,
Then shall Peace come to its own
And for aye.

AN HANDFUL OF MEAL

"An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse."—1st Kings, 17:12.

I sat in my cosy study, with naught but the light from
the log

That burned on the hearth-stone ruddy, defying the
damp and the fog

Of the out-doors' dark and gloom,
And I heard the cold winds bluster as they swept from
the Blue Hills down,

While the rain-drops gleamed with lustre like the jewels
of a crown

On the windows of my room.

There I mused o'er a poet's yearnings, and I longed for
a theme and song

That, like the log in its burnings, would flout all the
storms of Wrong

And banish the glooms of pain;

When, up-startled quick, I listened to the moanings of
the wind,

And saw where the window glistened, a picture, sharp
defined

In the globule of the rain.

Like a lens with its focal power reducing a mirrored
scene,

That fleck of the whipping shower then thrown on my
glazed screen

Reflected a saddening sight,

For my mind had a sensitive coating, and the image trans-
ferred there

Still lives in its confines, smothering and chiding me,
whene'er

My ease-fond heart sings light.

'Twas a garret in the city, one my pen could never
draw,

And my soul was filled with pity at the wretchedness
I saw,

In no place mollified,
There, a woman I saw, weeping, while around her on
the floor

Lay three little children, sleeping, rags their coverlet,
no more,

No warm fire I espied.

Starved, the form that I saw bending o'er a cupboard,
seeming bare,

'Twas a picture most heart-rending, one of poverty's
despair,

Foreign, even unto me,
Roughened hands she wrung in sorrow, tears redoubled
in their flow

As she thought of the to-morrow and of what it might
bestow,

Dark the portents, I could see.

In the flickering lamp-light gleaming, I beheld an
earthen crock,

Which, though once with flour teeming, now a handful
held, to mock

And to jeer at falling tears,
Then I thought of that old story, handed from the ages
down,

Of a prophet, old and hoary, of a widow in a town
Gone for, lo! these many years.

And how God, through him, sustained her, though the
meal and oil ran low,

Through her faith, the scant remainder never seemed to
lesser grow

All despite the common use,

And I wondered if past ages were more favored by the
Lord,

If our griefs He still assuages, when His mercy is
implored.

If He still refills Life's cruse?

While I mused, another falling raindrop, merged in
unison

With the first, that scene appalling, was translated into
one

Filled with even greater shame,
I beheld a battle raging, I could see the cannon's flash,
And the smoke arose, presaging death to thousands in
the clash,

Hell-like seemed War's lurid flame.
In the midst of that fierce battle, 'twixt both armies in a
trench,

Undisturbed by roar and rattle, minding not the rotting
stench,

Lay a soldier nigh to death,
In his hand a picture showing wife and children count-
ing three,

Who, I could not help but knowing, were the same that
I did see,

Rapt, I held my quickened breath.

First, he gazed on it intently, with a smile upon his
face,

To his lips he raised it gently, then I saw the teardrops
race

Down each blackened, smoke-stained cheek,
And I saw his lips beseeching God Almighty them to
spare,

When a hurtled shell came screeching, falling close be-
side him there,

Crazed by fear, I gave a shriek!

In my fright, I lost the setting of the picture in the
rain,
And my eyes were welled and wetting, for the tears
knew no restrain,

I had seen what War had wrought,
And the darkening shadows lengthened, as the charring
log low-burned,
Though the blackened depths but strengthened all that
plastic mind discerned,
Coming, as it did, unsought.

Then I looked for my vision's meaning, for I knew that
a lesson lay

In these pictures for my gleanings, so I read what the
prophets say,

And this was revealed to me:

If thou draw out thy soul's deep measure to the hungry,
and satisfy need

Of afflicted hearts with thy treasure, thy* light shall the
noon-day exceed

And rise from obscurity.

And I read of the promise spoken, He would widows and
fatherless shield,

For the handful of meal was a token of bushels His
harvests should yield,

And herein my lesson lay;

And I vowed that the poet's mission would henceforth
be, to bring

A world of self-men to contrition, and teach of the joys
that spring

From sharing our joys always.

*Isaiah lviii. 10.

THE ACCUSING HANDS

A 1918 MEMORIAL DAY THOUGHT

I had a vision of the nearer Past,
I saw the marching hosts of Glory come
Timing their step with rhythm of the drum
Muffled for mortal ears. I stood aghast
At numbers dressed in the familiar blue
Sacred and blessed through Freedom's sacrifice,
Each one a measure of an holy price
That paid the debt for Liberty I knew.

And as they marched, instead of brave salute
To me, the watcher by the spirit road,
Their fingers seemed to point in shame, and goad
My shrinking soul. Their voices, too, were mute,
But oh, the eloquence of piercing eyes,
I saw in them THE QUESTION of the Day,
"What are YOU doing in the mighty fray
To save the world and still its anguished cries?"

And when they passed, the hosts of Chosen Dead,
Another line, dull khaki-clad, marched by,
Lifting in pride their colors to the sky,
My Flag, by France's three stripes led,
With Briton's flaming banner close behind,
And intermingled oriflammes of those
Who fight with Right against unrighteous foes,
"O, God, how young," the thought that flashed my mind.

They, too, all pointed with their ghostly hands
At me, and then my visioned picture changed,
I saw distinct, their hallowed mounds, arranged
In countless rows, cross-marked, in foreign lands;

I saw the serried ranks of men arrayed
Defying Death, and braving Hell, for me,
That I, and all my kind, be truly free,—
And then I wept in bitterness, and prayed:

“Lord, what am I, that I should dream and sing
Whilst they, the Living Dead, march to Thy Throne?
Am I a coward, that I watch alone
And nurse my hopes, when stalwart comrades bring
Their greatest sacrifice to Thee for aye,
Their golden lives, their manhood’s restless prime,
Their fresh youth dreams, each offering, sublime;
Must I but sit and dream through troubled day?”

God answers prayer, and ere my vision left
There came to me a voice in thunder tone:
“Go, seek the altars that are thine alone,
Then sing thy song to cheer the hearts bereft,
And I, the living God, will lend thy music fire,
Healing for nations when the conflicts cease,
Voicing My Thoughts into Eternal Peace,
Thy song shall fill the troubled heart’s desire!”

And hearing thus, I oped my eyes, and saw
The arched Heavens smiling down on me,
And lo! my song rose higher yet, and free!
I sang of Order, Peace and Perfect Law,
And from the garden of my soul I drew
The sweetest flowers of Love to lay on sod
Where sleep the men who found their peace in God;
The clay that wore the khaki and the blue!

THE HALLOWED STAR OF GOLD

'Twas a little gray house by an old country road
That attracted my notice to-day,
For there hung in a window a banner, which showed
A contrast most marked to its gray.

There was one golden star on a centred white field,
With a border, blood-red, as a frame,
But oh! how it thrilled as its presence revealed
A glory so worthy of fame.

Like Jupiter's gleams at the first kiss of Night
It glowed in my vision, and left
In the deep of my soul the gold of its light
To give to the hearts now bereft.

And I saw in its beams, not the death typified,
But, rather, the Hope of all hopes,
The vision of Life across the Divide,
And the Door that true sacrifice opes.

As the lightning reveals ere the dull thunders grind,
I glimpsed in a land far away
The brave, stalwart men who were marching behind
The Stars and the Stripes to the fray.

And I singled from out the thousands who fought
The lad for whom gold was displayed,
And I noted a smile on his lips, and I caught
A glance of his eyes, unafraid.

There, I saw him enthused with the purpose of Right
And the love of his Country's ideal,
Go leaping to death in the thick of the fight,
Forgetting himself in his zeal.

My vision was brief, but I saw him go down,
Yet not in the throes of defeat,
For I knew that such death but betokened a crown
And a place in God's holy retreat.

Then that single starred flag in the house by the road
Seemed hallowed and sacred to me,
And oh! how the gold on its white bosom glowed
As it whispered this message to me.

No, they are not dead, those who fall in the Cause
That glorifies Strife, for they live
In the Land of the Leal where the Infinite draws
To Himself the life that He gives.

Then my soul breathed the words that my lips left
unsaid,
"O, God, burn this gold in my heart,
And give me to teach in my song, and to spread
The voice of this star through my art."

THE SERVICE FLAG

A dingy old house, a tumble-down house
I saw in a ramble today,
And rookeries 'round where the poor folk abound
Were much in the very same way.

The street was alive (a literal hive)
With children, (the poor have the most)
A slum is a shame for a city whose name
Has been on our lips as a boast.

There I pondered this thought, as the fortunate ought,
What if I had been born to these things,
Were not homes on this street just as dear and as sweet
As where money and power made kings?

Then my eyes caught a sight in the sun's slanted light,
Of a Service Flag over the door
Of that dingy old house, that tumble-down house,
And two were the stars that it bore.

And I pictured a scene, a quite common scene,
Inside of that house in the slums,
I could see hearts of gold with a grief unconsolated,
Though not with a grief that succumbs.

I beheld in my mind, most clearly defined,
A picture of khaki-clad men
Who brought to this house, this dingy old house
The worthiest honor I ken.

Then I took off my hat to that flag, for in that
I saw the redemption of man
Re-enacted in life, in a land rent with strife,
And *here* was a part of the plan.

From my innermost soul, inarticulate stole
A prayer to the God whence all comes,
To bless that old house, that dingy old house,
That tumble-down house in the slums.

TWO LESSONS

I HATE;—

And I would teach the hate I own
Throughout my years of life,
To all

Who come within the reachings of my voice,
The German will, the German mind, the German god,
The god of avarice and power,
The mind that seeks dominion for the hour,
The will that has alone
Transformed my peace to strife
And made a hell of life;

I hate,—

God, how I hate

The man responsible for Rheims,
The PEWTER EMPEROR of hosts
Called, and rightly called,
HUNS.

The fool, who made his boasts,
And boasting, laughed
In scorn

When babes and women sank in pierced seas,
And then,—(the height of infamy)
Exalted with degrees
His underlings who worked his will,
God! I would teach
My hate!

I Love,—
And I would teach this love of mine.
Through all the years to come,
To those
Who follow me and step within my fold,
The *principles* that underlie the war
Which the Oppressed is waging for the right.
The ideals that dethrone the might
This PEWTER EMPEROR acclaims;
Ideals;
That *Men* are more than names,
That kings are not divine,
That nations weak, shall not be dumb
And dance to rhythm of the drum;
I love,—
God! How I love
The men who freely consecrate
And give their lives that Freedom's gleams
Shall flood the world;
Light
That shall make the Deeps rejoice
And Heaven smile once more,
And oh, how I love that fellow thought
That makes men great
And brings
Equality with kings,
The Truth my Christ has taught,
True life is Love.
God! I would teach
My love!

NO MAN'S LAND

I've never been on No Man's Land,
I've never crossed the sea,
But Oh, I know that No Man's Land
Holds treasures dear to me,
I know that somewhere on its soil
The richest jewels lie,
And gold is there,—aye, gleaming gold
For which men strive and die.

I've heard men tell of No Man's Land,
How jewels have been found
By some of low estate, and some
Of high, upon its ground,
The jewels that I long for most,
And gold I fain would gain,
But poets write, and pens are weak,
For them to wish is vain.

I've asked the men from No Man's Land
The names of jewels there,
And what's the worth of yellow gold
That lies abundant there,
And this is what they've answered me,
They spake with bated breath,
The jewels, "Courage, Honor, Hope,
The price of gold is—Death."

I cannot go to No Man's Land,
But oh, my heart is there,
I know what men have sacrificed
To gain these treasures rare,
My inner eyes can see their souls
As shimmering mists of gold
Kissed by the sun on No Man's Land,
Their numbers are untold.

THERE IS BUT ONE

The editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*, the famous newspaper of Paris told in Boston the other day of a Catholic priest, an Episcopal clergyman and a Jewish rabbi, who as chaplains lived together in a dugout. After a battle they divided the work of giving the last rites to dying soldiers without stopping to determine the religious affiliations of the fallen men. There were so many dying, and the time for giving them spiritual aid and comfort was so furiously short! The French editor vouched for the story of a rabbi who held the crucifix to the lips of an expiring Catholic! It is a triumph of humanness to fling forms aside amid men gasping their last breath. In such surroundings the appeal of essential realities dwarfs mortal views and ways. To stay the passing soul on the supreme goal of all religions becomes the quick, mastering passion of any man with a heart in him.—*From a Daily Paper.*

I have sung of blood and battle,
Roar and rattle,
Men like cattle
Slain;
And the daily News has vaunted
Heroes who Death's blooms have flaunted,
And who've borne with smiles, undaunted,
Pain.

And heroic deeds have thrilled me,
Some have dared all Hell, and filled me
With a wonder that has stilled me
Quite;
But the brightest stars in Glory
Dim beside those of this story,
Men, but Christ-men, through the gory
Night!

Let me tell my story simply,
Let me tell it well.

Typical, and not a feature,
Rabbi, Priest and surplieed Preacher
Shared a "Dugout" home 'midst creature
Men,
Where the guns and shells were shrieking,
All the Hates in War bespeaking,
Oh, I see that marked, blood-reeking
Den!

There they labored with their brothers,
Helped each other, and with others
Ministered, and wrote to mothers
Hope,
Healed the wounds of flesh and spirit,
Walked with Death, and did not fear it,
Hand in hand with those who, near it,
Grope.

When one battle's rage was ended,
Through the night these three attended
Those whose wounds for them portended
Death;
Time was short and moments fleeting,
Who could tell what creeds were meeting
Life Eternal in retreating
Breath?

List to this, oh, Reader; listen
Tell it to your kin at home.

How the Jewish Rabbi, pressing
Crucifix to lips professing
Papist hopes, and heard confessing
Sweet;
Gave in Love God's consolation,
Flung aside Man's figuration,
Made ALL faiths in exultation
Meet!

Oh, the lesson in this story,
ONENESS in men's death and glory,
Fraternizing all our hoary
Creeds;
Why not learn of this, my brothers?
Teach it, oh, ye fathers, mothers,
See the common God in others'
Deeds!

Have I made my lesson plain?

AN APOSTROPHE TO FRANCE

I cannot speak thy tongue, O, France,
Nor can I boast as kin
Of thine,
Oh, that I could,
God knows I would,
For in the heart that beats within
My singing breast, there rings
The iron echoes of momentous things
That proved thy soul, O, France.

This joy is mine,
To sing in alien tongue,
But still to sing
Of commonness with thee, with thine,
For in thy burning sun of Freedom came
The light that gleams in nascent hope
Of men
Who yet are bound by autocratic rule
And gods of falsity and fear,
Whose spirits seeming grope
'Midst doubts and darkness drear,
Whose leaders play the fool.

And oh,
If I can but inflame
My fellows with that holy fire
That burns within thy breast.
And spills from out its frame
On Earth, and mounting higher
Kisses the throne of Heaven,
Then,—then will my song
Be music worthy of thy name,
Of Cause thy life has blest,
And I shall enter heaven.

My debt to thee is still unpaid, O Francee,
For me thy Maid of Orleans girt
Her shapely form in eased steel,
And taught that Country's weal
Was mine;
My hurt, e'en death—
To keep its starry banner bright
Should be for me a glorious delight,
And LaFayette, with kindred souls who gave
Under thy flag, themselves,
To save
For me and mine the liberties I claim,
Taught me to see in other lands, my own,
Taught me to feel that supine ease is shame,
Nor that alone,
But damned.
And on that great and holy day
When buttressed symbol of the despot's sway
Was hurled to earth
And peasants proved
That men were men and not of lesser birth,
Then was *my* status as a man made known,
God make me worthy of that day.

And now, O, France,
Thy potted soil
Cries out to me, lest I forget,
Four years, the Vandals, typified
In Lust and Hate,
Have sought to break thy Freedom's gate
And scale the walls and parapet
Of Liberty.
Thy youth hath died
Saving for me that which their fathers gave,
Finding their peace in shell-torn, shallow grave,
And how my blood doth boil
When whispers of inhuman warfare float
Across the sea
To me.

But oh,
I know that in Time's fulness comes
The Day of days,
When France, God's France, brave France,
Will echo with the triumph of the drums
That shall announce the vandal foe's retreat,
Thy Cause upheld, the thief despoiled and fled,
The glorifying of thy worthy dead,
The joyful music of returning feet
Beating a freer dust than that
Of Must,
And *ALL* shall sing
That song of triumph with its golden note,
La Marseilles.

THE SUPREME GIFTS

Written for Thanksgiving Day, 1918.

The Spirit of the year 1918 takes counsel with the ghosts of the Past regarding Thanksgiving Day.

Four Spokesmen for the past; the Spirit of the beginning; the Spirit of the Christ-Birth year, the Spirit of 1492 and the Spirit of 1861.

1918 speaks;

“They bid me thankful be, whose sires marked
And set apart a day of thankfulness
And earnest prayer to the Eternal God,
What, my good friends, have I to say of thanks?
My bruised soul was born amidst the cries
Of anguished hearts in war-cursed lands;—my nurse
That held me on her breast, a monster, fierce,
Her breath a blast of fire, her mother voice
A crash that ’woke the echoes like a clap
Of rasping thunder on the mountain tops,
The seas on Earth, my habitat, run red,
The hands of men are crimson stained and damp,
I hear the cries of Hunger; Famine’s brood
Fights on the paths of War for sustenance.
I see the work of countless years o’erthrown
And Wisdom mad from quaffing wines of Power;
Oh irony of words: of what say thanks?

The Spirit of the Beginning speaks;

“Thou stripling of an Eon’s race, give thanks
That thou hast found a world so fair to view,
When I awoke to cataclysmic scenes
The Universe was dark, the Sun was not,
The moon, the stars, were merely Thoughts of God,
The Earth I saw as but a shapeless speck,
Clay to be fashioned to the Potter’s will
And nothing yet was whole, yet I gave thanks,
Thankful to be,—to be,—enough for me,
Go stripling, go, and loose thine blinded eyes.”

The Spirit of the Christ-Birth Year speaks;

"My Peace I give to you, my Peace I leave,
I found a world of dark and shame, a world
Unworthy of the gift bestowed through me,
I found the embers of an holy fire
Smothered and almost dead, a world accursed;
I found a people but a step removed
From that beginning marking human life,
I found a shallow world, a place of fools,
And yet, despite of all, my singing soul
Sang to the music of the stringless winds
A hymn of thanks and prayer, for God sent Love,
Go, find Him at the battle's front, at sea,
Where men are found, where life is quick, where hearts
Are eager with the hopes of better years,
Go, take my Gift anew, and then give thanks."

The Spirit of 1492 speaks;

"Bound was I born, yet free I closed my time,
Shackles I broke, and with them off, there came
A revelation new to men whose curse
Was fear of venture into unknown things,
But, prompted by my whispered hope, there came
An humble soul, ('tis humbleness that leads)
Who made a sport of Fear, who whipped the seas
And opened doors long closed to coward hearts,
My dying day was jubilant with praise,
For, out of darkness I had urged a light,
And I can see in thine obscurity
A borning man, supreme to be of fears,
When Time's fruition calls him forth to act,
A new Discoverer of Peace and Love,
Go, search him out, and for this boon give thanks,
That thou shalt nurse the hopes of future years."

The Spirit of 1861 speaks;

"Child of the Now, thy elder brother speaks,
Harken to me and learn my song of praise,

I came when iron brands were burning white,
I saw the flames of kinship strife arise,
I marked the boundary line betwixt the Old
And thy more wonderful and radiant New,
I too, heard shrieks of Justice crucified,
I saw the youth of men go down in blood,
But I gave thanks, for I could see beyond,
The triumph of a Principle, made flesh,
A Man of Sorrows making millions joy;
Go, mark the principles that underlie
The clouded hours of thy portentous time,
A vision glimpse of men transformed by fire,
Of peoples saved by casting Self aside,
A Deity re-found through scourging war,
Of reachings by the Low above the Great,
A hate dethroned by a diviner Hate
That only hates the base. O, Brother mine,
Thine is the glory of transcendent thanks."

The Spirit of 1918 in shamed penitence prays;

"Mine is the shame, O, God of countless years,
Forgive, forgive, the blindness of my soul,
I thank Thee for the triumphs manifest
Of Righteousness and Freedom, long in dark,
Of fruited hopes from seeds in sorrow grown,
Of glimpses of the Christ that War revealed,
I thank Thee for the golden tints of dawn
That herald Peace afloat on shimmering wings,
I thank Thee most that this great joy is mine
To live as one created by Thy Will,
And grant that future years shall learn from me
A true conception of Thy gracious gifts.
And may the transient hours, my fleeting ties
Be eloquent with thanks and holy prayer.

Amen."

Chorus of Spirits of all the past years sing
"Glory to God in the Highest, Hallelujah!"

THE MASTER GARDENER.

From the seeds of Hate have grown weeds of War,
But God, with an infinite art
Has grafted on them the flowers of Love
That grow in the depths of His heart.

And the fairest bloom of them all, is Hope,
Its petals are tinged with red,
But its centre is rich with a pillow of gold,
The typified rest of the dead.

On the rankest weeds grow the whitest buds,
The blossoms that wait the Christ-kiss
Ere they open their souls and awaken to see
The sun in His garden of bliss.

Oh, a rainbow was lost in a flower whose glow
Illumines the hearts of the Free,
And I saw in its deeps the whole world at rest
With a Peace that forever shall be.

Yea, a thousand blooms by the Master-hand
Engrafted on weeds of War
Have blossomed and blown, and the winds He rules
Have scattered their seeds afar.

From the seeds of Hate have grown weeds of War,
But tomorrow, those wind-sown seeds
Shall blossom in Love, and the whole round world
Shall joy in the perfect meads.

THE SYMBOL LOVE CHOSE

A RED CROSS POEM

LOVE:—that sweet goddess of mercy
Who holds the whole world in her arms,
Once sought for a symbol, whose viewing
Would prove to all peoples her charms;
She searched in the mists of the morning,
She reached in the deeps of the sea,
And she swept the cerulean heavens
To find if such figure could be.

In the snow-turret mountains she hunted,
She sought in the full of the moon,
And she questioned the stars, but they never
Could give her such wonderful boon,
She read of the Ages their glory,
Where the lights of Humanity gleamed,
But not until Calvary's borning
Came the picture of thoughts she had dreamed.

There she found on that hill in the desert,
(A desert of hearts, not of sands,)
The emblem for which she was looking,
The Figure of Love for *all* lands,
The Cross of the transfigured Saviour
All stained from the wounds as He bled;
And lo; the Creator had answered,
He gave her this symbol of red.

OUR FLAG

Let the sun of Morning kiss it, let the Evening sunset
glow
With a warmth of love and gild it ere it sets in depths
below,
Let the winds caress and fold it, let the stars in glory
shine
On the emblem of Our Country, loved as your flag,
loved as mine.

Let the voices of our children sing the music of its soul,
Chant its chorus O, ye people, till the mountain echoes
roll,
Sing and shout its hymn of Freedom, fling its spirit to
the breeze
Till the notes are caught and answered in the hearts
across the seas.

Let no thought or deed unworthy smirch its stripes of
purest white,
Let no stain of craven silence rob its red of lustre
bright,
Let no shame bedim the star-shine on its field of
heavenly blue,
For it's *OUR FLAG*, friend, it's *OUR FLAG*; I'm
proud of it;—are *YOU*?

•

MY COUNTRY

My Country is the World—the whole round World;
I scorn the boundaries of State,
I hate the narrowness of Hate,
The Empire-dreams of Would-be-great,
The cabined soul, the shallow pate
Of one-land folk I hate!—I hate! !

My Country is the World—the whole round World;
The soil, the mould-damp soil awakes
The life in countless seeds, and makes
An Eden of the blooms. The brakes
That skirt the borders of the lakes
Share in the life each bloom partakes.

So I, a child of the whole round World,
Share with the black in the tropic sun,
With my brother-man where the ice-streams run,
The gifts of the Master-soul, begun
With the breath called Life, that made ALL one,
With the Love that drew from oblivion
The World—MY Country.

THE SUNSET FLAG

There was red in the sky at even,
There were clouds of a fleecy white
As the deep, blue dome of Heaven
Was kissed by approaching night,
There were stars in the eastern circle
That blinked at the fading sun,
And the distant shadowed hilltops
Gave proof of the dark begun.

There was joy in my soul at even,
For I saw in the dying day
A picture the Master painted
And set in the sky for aye,
The glorious colors of Freedom,
The Red of my Country's heart,
The White of her pure soul-purpose,
The Blue of her human art.

And I saw in the Master's blending,
My Flag and your flag, sublime,
Outlined in the sky at even,
Unfurled to the end of Time,
And I bowed my head and worshipped,
And prayed that my life would be
A mirror, reflecting those colors
God placed in the sky for me.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Not in the belching cannon's roar,
Not in the piper's lay,
Not in the flag which we adore,
Nor yet in holiday;
Not in the fulsome studied speech,
Not in the pomp and show,
Not in the rocket's sizzling screech,
Nor in the fire's glow;
But in the heart where doth abound
A nobler, finer plan,
Where Country's weal is the profound
And holy love for man;
There is the future's heritage,
There is our Country's hope,
There doth the patriot's true gauge
Confound the misanthrope.

BUILD ME A LODGE

Build me a lodge in the mountain tops,
Build 'midst the silences of night
 For me alone,
Build where Hate's blistered war-gleaned crops
Are lost in the intervals of sight,
 To me not grown.

Build me a lodge in the swaying pines,
Build where the unchained north-wind blows
 For me a song,
Build where the sin in my heart's confines
Finds grave that is deep in the riven snow,
 Yea deep and strong.

Build me a lodge in the wilderness,
Build where the birds of the morning come
 With pristine notes,
Build near some cave-like rock recess,
Some Nature-reared palladium
 That peace promotes.

Build me a lodge 'midst the scraggy oaks,
Build where the wind-swirled leaves are dead
 But not to me.
Build where each minute twig invokes
The thought of the Cause in the overhead
 Infinity.

Build me a lodge where the ages blend,
Build where the yesteryears are one
 With present hours,
Build me a lodge where the sky-deeps lend
A glimpse of the endless All, begun
 Through Spirit powers.

THE UNFOLDING WILL

I spake; lo, my voice was heard in Cathay,
 Oh, strange are the deeds of men!
 A dream from the past fulfilled,
And a voice ealled out from that Far-a-way
 And answered me again
 Ere my own word-tones were stilled,

Now the harnessed waves of the air-seas teem
 With the spoken thought of man,
 Oh, the great round world is small,
No more shall men laugh at a poet's dream
 Since Mind has bridged the span
 That has separated all.

And I've dreamed of the time that shall surely come,
 Whether in my day or not,
 All despite the skeptic's doubt,
When the ether space as a medium
 Will carry our earnest thought
 To the planets round about.

And I've dreamed beside of a future year
 When the visions of men are keen
 And Space shall its curtains raise,
When the eye shall hold the far-friend near
 And the distant lands be seen,
 Yes, worlds by our finite gaze!

If the up-start clay hath dreamed and won
 Far more than mere dreams give rein,
 And the Earth holds secrets still,
As sure as there's light in the constant sun
 So sure shall all things be plain
 To man's dominating will.

THE BRAVEST MAN

God! but it takes a man to stand
Firm as a rock midst troubled seas
When doubts assail on every hand
When friends depart and honor flees;
When foes exult and cowards sneer,
When soft-lived men deny and rail,
And even fools at wise men leer,
He is a man who does not quail.

God! but it takes a man to be
Calm as the deep when torrents roar,
When some loved soul proves Pharisee
And passes by forevermore;
When Poverty stalks grim, and rules
Because of principles, unshared,
When Wrong, through precedent, befools,
He is a man who stands declared.

God! but it takes a man who knows,
And knowing, rights the age's wrong,
Who stands alone and overthrows
The moss-back doctrines of the throng;
When Piety deplores his might,
And lifts its hands to out-grown gods,
When pulpits rage and proselyte,
It takes a man to stand the odds.

God! but it takes a man who moves
Straight to the line marked to the goal
When others follow time-worn grooves,
When Custom's marks have seared the soul;
When others live in ease, and laugh
The bravest man who dares, to scorn,
When few will speak in Right's behalf,
Then is the time when manhood's born!

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

(Two Answers)

1. A friend is one soul which oft-times dwells
 Within two bodies, separate,
And fills the deepest hidden wells
 With Love that's all compassionate.
2. A friend is two souls which make their nest
 Where one was wont to dwell before,
The winds of hate cannot molest
 Nor blow defiance at their door.

A PROVEN FRIEND

A proven friend is like a gushing spring upon Life's
desert drear,
Though the dead sands all-surround it, yet its waters
fresh and clear
 Invigorate the soul;
We forget the shifting, burning sands, the ceaseless
grind, the fear,
When we dip and drink from Friendship's cup the
heaven of man seems near
 Where Love is in control.

REALIZATION

I have found a Poet;—

I, who for long
Have sought fulfillment of my heart's desire,
A true companion to my singing lyre,
Seeing the base and falsifying fire
Leap into gorgeous flame, and die,—for hire!
Straining my ears for harmonies of song,
Seeking to prove the lesser singers' dream,
Reaching for diamonds where I saw a gleam,
Finding but meaner gems; so few supreme
Prayers in the poet's fane, some near blaspheme.

I have found a Poet;—

How my soul leaped
With the winging music of her rhythmic beat,
And yesteryears, (thought worthless, incomplete,)
Like Hopes incarnate, march with joyous feet,
Whilst I, I follow on a golden street;
O, Heart of mine, at last I've reaped
In fulness, harvest of the planted seed,
Food for my soul, sufficient for its need.
And by the sluggish waters where I feed,
My vibrant song is pulsed by singing reed.

THE JEWELLED TREES

There was snow on the streets at even,
Though March was a full week spent,
There was sleet in the air at even,
Though passed was a half of Lent,
When the kiss of a dying Winter,
(God wot that its day's at end,)
Yea, the kiss of a traitorous Winter
Made the trees with ice to bend.

And the sun of a glorious morning
Awoke to a trillion suns
That greeted the eyes of morning,
(Those eyes not the only ones,)
For the Poet, in rapture gazing
Saw jewels in filigrees
As entranced in his wonder, gazing
On the ice-cased twigs of trees.

There were lights in the jeweled ribbons
Found not in the diamond's gleam,
There were smiles in the ice-formed ribbons
Like smiles in an infant's dream,
There were sun-stones, opals and jasper,
They were bound by threads of gold,
Oh, the Poet has dreams of jasper,
Of such were the Walls, foretold!

And he saw in the scene a picture
Of the jeweled trees of years,
When a glimpse of each youth-lost picture
Gleams forth from the crystallized tears,
And the sun of another Morning
Reveals to a new-born sight
The jewels that crown Heaven's morning
When Life's storms have passed with night.

THE HOPES OF SPRING

There's a mellow warmth in the soft south wind.
When snows of the north have fled,
The gods be thanked for Spring;
(Thus we of the East-climes sing)
There are no regrets for the days behind,
But there's joy in the days ahead,
Oh, joy in the Hopes of Spring!

As an incense burned in a golden bowl
Casts spells of divining power
And opens the Future's gates,
So the wind from the south creates
A mystic spell o'er the poet's soul,
A vision of tree and flower
In bloom beside jasper gates.

And the south wind brings to the poet's soul
A dream of a golden strand,
And mirrors the sun-sprite's smile
Who dwells in the climes worth while,
For the dreamer's dream marks the poet's goal
In the days of the near-at-hand,
'Tis the land where the sun-sprites smile.

O NOBLE DEAD

O noble dead who rest beneath the sod
Or sleep in peace below the surging sea,
Whose souls are merged with the eternal God,
Who know the truths of life's eternity;
Whose deeds while in the finite, earth-born clay
Gave proof to us of innate nobleness
Which we, the living, recognize today
With chastened hearts through memory's bitterness
We honor thee.

We plant the sweetest blooms upon each grave,
We scatter blossoms o'er the ocean's breast,
Remembering the toll of lives which saved
Our country from destruction, manifest.
We see again the cruel hand of Death
Steal from our midst the fairest of the fair,
And as we gaze in fear with bated breath
We wonder, weep, and question in despair,
And honor thee.

O noble dead who died for Country's weal,
Words are mere mouthings which cannot express
The gratitude which we, united, feel
For your brave spirit of true nobleness.
There is no North, no South, no sundered twain,
No mailed coat of blue, no garb of gray,
But all are one, in unity again,
All reverently keep this holy day,
And honor thee.

HALLOWE'EN IS HERE

Ghosts and spooks are floating round,
Sh——, Sh——,
Move and flitter without sound,
Sh——, Sh——,
Doors are swinging to and fro,
Bells are ringing soft and low,
Tree toads croak and roosters crow,
Hallowe'en is here.

Witches riding through the air,
Sh——, Sh——,
Bats are flying everywhere,
Sh——, Sh——,
Old maids search the silvered glass,
When the witching hours pass,
Every year the same, alas,
Hallowe'en is here.

Sweet girls cringing in mad fright,
Sh——, Sh——,
Backing down the cellar flight,
Sh——, Sh——,
Peering in the musty gloom,
Fearful lest some shape assume
Features of a hapless groom,
Hallowe'en is here.

Jack-o-lanterns bobbing past,
Sh——, Sh——,
Sheeted forms a-running fast,
Sh——, Sh——,
Wilted youths are diving deep
Crab apples to bite and keep,
Old folks losing beauty sleep,
Hallowe'en is here.

AM I THANKFUL?

I wonder if I'm thankful for the blessings that God
sends,
Am I thankful for my health, my home, and all my
loving friends,
Am I thankful for my other self I've known for years
as wife,
Am I thankful for the children who'll perpetuate my
life;
Am I thankful for the food I eat, and raiment that I
wear,
Am I thankful for the joys of life and happiness I
share,
Am I thankful for the birds and trees and sunny,
smiling skies,
Am I thankful for the books I read, the ripe fruits of
the wise?

I wonder if I'm thankful for the life which I possess,
Am I thankful that my soul is never steeped in bitter-
ness,
Am I thankful for the work I find each week day must
be done,
Am I thankful for the hope that's mine of honors to
be won;
Am I thankful for the tears I shed of sorrow and of
pain,
Am I thankful for each small success my humblest ef-
forts gain;
Am I thankful for inspiring thoughts which elevate the
mind,
Am I thankful that I'm human and like others of my
kind?

If I am not, oh grant, dear God, that in thy holy way
Thou wilt implant into my soul a real Thanksgiving
Day.

Oh teach me how to show my thanks for all which
Thou dost give,

That I may in the future years-a thankful spirit live.

Amen.

THE HALLOWED HOUR

No witch hath power to charm the hour

Which marks our Saviour's birth,

No eery ghosts, no armed hosts

Of evil ride the earth.

Hallelujah!

So hallowed then, the time again,

That naught but pure thought thrives,

The dawn of day proclaims Love's sway,

And good alone survives.

Hallelujah!

The angel's word which shepherds heard

Hath been in truth fulfilled,

What wise men sought this hour hath brought,

As God Himself hath willed.

Hallelujah!

Let Heralds sing that Christ is King,

Go, demons, hide in fear,

Your reign is o'er, and ever more

The Saviour reigneth here.

Hallelujah!

"THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE"

"Not of the letter, but of the Spirit; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."—2 CORINTHIANS, III. 6.

Men spake to me of Christmas,—
And I;—well, I tossed my head
And laughed, then sneering, said,
"Christmas?—huh!— a pack of fools
The whole of you!—The rot of schools
Of medieval time
Is Christmas,—a pleasing mime
To babish minds,
Its tinsel blinds
The eyes of Thought,
'Tis rot,—rot,—all rot;
And not for me!

Gifts,—baubles,—gold,—Christmas!
Wreathes,—holly,—symbolic waste!
Vice makes a show of seeming chaste;
Yes!—I've seen the weaved leaves
Decorate the dens of thieves!
And hellish holes
That steal men's souls
Adorn their fronts with twisted green,
That's what I've seen,
You're fools!—the lot,
'Tis rot,—rot,—rot,—all rot
And not for me!"

God spake to me of Christmas,
And I,—well, I bowed my head
And prayed; and lo, the Man-Christ said
Within me, "Thou art the fool!
Not by the letter doth the Spirit rule,
Men's outward show

Reflects the glow
That lights their souls with God's own fire.
'Tis His desire
Men joy,—and fraught
With Thought,—Thought,—God's Thought;
O, blind one, see!"

My gift!—I see in meanest toy
The Wise-men kneeling to the Boy;
I see behind the ribboned wreath
That Vice has placed, the Prayer beneath,
The thrill of Hope
In souls that grope,
The unlocked Door that beckons, "Come!"
The vice-burned heart's residuum;
The Soul Christ sought,
In Christmas, sought;—And Thought,—my thought,
Has shamed me!

THE HOLLY THORNS

Oh, Love is the soul of Christmas,
And Hope is its message sweet,
There is joy in the heart at Christmas,
God speaks in a life complete.
The children of men are singing,
Oh, never such cause for song,
And the light of the Babe is shining
Through eyes of the happy throng.

The log on the hearth is kindled.
And a welcome is writ in fire
For those who were gone a season
And returned to their hearts' desire.
The gleam of symbolic candles,
The weavings of holly leaves,

Are the voicings of the spirit
That ever to Christmas cleaves.

Oh, there's joy, yes joy, in Christmas,
But even the holly pricks,
And the melted wax on candles
Like tears falls from burning wicks.
There are hearths where the log is dampened,
There are homes where each pulsing breath
Reminds of the soul whose Christmas
Is spent in the arms of Death.

There are voiceless prayers for courage
To bear coming Yuletide through,
There are yearning hopes for something
To prove of the new life true.
There are fathers and mothers and children
That ask, and the echoes are still
Save for ringing of bells and music
That make for another's good will.

There's a void in the heart of the poet,
There's a break in the perfect ring,
There's a minor note in his music,
His fires are smouldering.
There are tears when there would be laughter,
There are poems of joy unsaid,
For the song that was his last Christmas
Is now but a dirge for the dead.

Yes, Love is the soul of Christmas,
And Hope is its message sweet,
There is joy and there's pain at Christmas
And ever the two shall meet.
Though Love is o'er shadowed by sorrow,
Yet Hope is still seen through fears,
In the homes of the broken-hearted
Where Christmas is one of tears.

BELLS O' NEW YEAR

To the rhythm of the breeze

Ring clear O Bells, your swinging song,
A burdened year has passed along,
God grant the new will right each wrong
And bring true joy to all,
Yea, peace, good will to all!

To the beat of martial tread

Ring bold, O Bells, your message now,
Give hope to those who meekly bow
To despots, lest a Freeman's vow
Make Babylon to fall,
And crush them in its fall!

To the blast of thunder guns

Ring strong, O Bells, ring strong and clear,
Let triumph notes awake the year,
Ring freedom to the Huns who fear
To break the tyrant's thrall,
A cursed, stinging thrall.

To the whines of hurtling shells

Ring loud, O, Bells, drown solemn tone
Of Coward's dirge and Money's groan,
Wake echoes that shall rock each throne
And cause them all to fall,
O, God! that all would fall!

To the harmonies of Time

Ring sweet, O, Bells, such music blends
Eternity with Now, and lends
Its peace to him who comprehends
That men and years are small,
And monarchs, too, are small.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

What does the New Year hold in store for me,
What hopes, what joys, what peace is mine to be?
Will Providence, who holds the gauge of years
Within the hollow of His hand, lend ears
And heed my shallow importunities
That this, the coming year, shall bend its knees
To my imperious and boastful will,
And ward from me each dark, impending ill?
I know not what the New Year brings, nor dare
Attempt to read its portent scroll; if fair
Its prospects are, I shall rejoice indeed.
If storm clouds loom, shall I then cringe and plead
For fairer skies?—God grant I'll play the man
And take what comes, conformable to plan.

THE UNKNOWN TREK

Ye passed not this way heretofore,
 Prepare thyself for pleasant lanes,
 But if perchance thy Fate ordains
 Thy paths to lie 'midst arid plains,
Go singing as a troubadour.

Ye passed not this way heretofore,
 Prepare thy soul for mighty deeds,
 And e'en though Doubt-land's bog impedes,
 'Tis bridged by Affirmation's reeds
Enough to reach Achievement's shore.

Ye passed not this way heretofore,
Prepare thy heart for Heaven's bliss,
But shouldst thou find its blessing miss
And Sorrow greets thee with a kiss,
Search out thy Hope-star's rays once more.

Ye passed not this way heretofore,
Prepare to live, prepare to die,
Accept thy lot, nor question why;
The Dead Past land is left for aye,
The unknown trek is thine,—explore!

THE MAN WITH THE FIXED IDEA

Oh give me the man with the fixed idea,
Who knows his world is round,
Who sails the seas of doubt and fear
And seeks till he has found;
Who braves the tempests of despair,
And flouts the scornful throng,
Whose God is Hope, whose trust is Prayer,
Whose idea can't be wrong.

Oh give me the man who sees the goal
Though distant, dim and small,
Loom large to the eyes of his hopeful soul,
Who never gives up at all.
Who knows that beyond the doubter's zone
A new world beckons "Come,"
I honor that man though he stands alone
In social martyrdom.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD

I thought I understood the gift
Of drawing near to God,
I thought I knew the joyful bliss
That comes from paths I've trod
In spiritual ways,

But I have found that gifts I own
Are not like misted sky,
But winged Love from souls that sing
Their songs to such as I
In Life's secluded day.

I felt that God was near to all,
But how, I could not know,
I trusted blindly, seeming still
To see no light below,
But drifting clouds have shown

The Spirit land in Heaven's sky,
With joys that God reveals
To those whose souls are one with Him
Where each His presence feels
And each is God's alone.

THE WONDER-SPRAY

Oh, there's joy in the spume and the wonder-spray
That beats on the steamer's prow
As it sails the seas on the homeward way
To the land that the gods endow,
For a Freeman's years 'neath a tropic sun
Where the "Chinks" and the brown men thrive,

Are the years of "Must," with a thought but one,
The hope to return alive;
So there's joy in the spume and the wonder-spray
As it mists on the fevered brow
Of the traveller bound on his homeward way
To the land that the gods endow.

CUB LOVE

I am thinking tonight of the sweethearts I had
In my youthful, impressible age,
And I laugh as I glance through Life's book at the lad
Whose picture I see on each page.

I remember quite well every sweet little miss
Who appealed to a boy's tender heart.
And I'll never forget the first innocent kiss
Which a maid of fifteen did impart.

And on every page I can still read each name,
Such sweet little forms I can see
Standing out in relief, bold, distinct, and the same
As when they spelled "ONLY" to me.

The first one I note is a fairy-like face,
With eyes of the loveliest blue,
A form most divine and embodied with grace,
A picture that's equalled by few.

I was but a boy of a dozen years old,
Even then yellow locks and blue eyes
Seemed to dazzle me more than could riches or gold,
And my first love I did not disguise.

But the "Angel of Death" came and stole her away,
Life seemed but a blank then, at best,
And though years have since flown, I remember today
Her face and the way she was dressed.

But time rolls along, and cures all our ills,
And a boy's heart, though cracked, can be patched,
And my own, I'll confess, responded to thrills
For another sweet girl unattached.

I was fifteen or so, and she was the same,
I first saw her when taking a dip
In the old Baptist church, where the waters reclaim
Poor sinners from Satan's tight grip.

With her flowing white robe and her chestnut brown
hair,
Can you wonder that I did succumb?
I felt that my fate was decided right there,
My heart seemed to beat like a drum.

Then some pretext I found to make myself known,
I remember I "shined up" to "Ma,"
And soon this young queen had ascended Love's throne,
And seemed to be Love's ruling star.

I smile now a bit as I'm writing this line,
When I think of the first kiss I stole,
As she said "No" to me in a manner divine,
Yet helped me attain that sweet goal!

I don't quite remember our drifting apart,
Yet I know that another fair maid
Soon usurped throne and love of that queen of my heart,
And I to the new, homage paid.

I really was smitten by Cupid this time,
And love unreturned, was my fate,
She looked like an angel from Heaven, sublime,
But me she could not tolerate!

I sent some sweet roses on her natal day.
There were eighteen, all pretty and white,
And I really believe she gave them away
And laughed at the sender outright.

That's the way often times, what you want you don't
get,
Though tonight I can truthfully say
'Tis well that I failed, for since then I have met
The right one, who's Mrs. today.

I can see in Life's book, full a score whom I thought
Would some day be cooking my meals,
But betwixt you and me not a one in the lot
For a moment to me now appeals.

Some were light, some were dark, some were short,
some were tall,
And each had a charm quite apart
From the rest of their kind, though not one had all
The things which appealed to my heart.

And somehow I think as I look round and see
The loved ones who now fill my life,
That God had ordained and given to me
The best in the world for my wife.

THE DAISY TOLD A LIE

I asked a pretty maiden,
So simple and so shy,
If she thought that she could love me,
If not, the reason why?

She drooped her silken lashes,
I heard a muffled sigh,
And said, "Kind sir, this daisy
Has told me not to try.

Each petal, pure and spotless,
From Heaven's dew scarce dry,
Is blest with mystic virtues
Which for true love apply.

When torn from off its centre
Of brilliant, golden dye,
They answer me quite truly,
All doubts they clarify.

These fragile, scattered petals
I plucked as you came nigh
Proved from the love you offer
My tender heart must fly."

O cruel, wicked flower!
As I gazed into her eye,
I saw the love-light gleaming,
The daisy told a lie.

WHEN MARY MAKES THE BREAD

When Mary makes the bread there gleams
A glad, triumphant light
Within her eyes which somehow seems
To taunt me as I write.

I see her with her sleeves rolled high,
With gingham apron, neat,
Her fingers deftly knead, while I
Am marveling at her feat.

A picture sweet she makes, I think,
With flour on her nose,
Her cheeks a glowing, wholesome pink,
A-blushing like a rose.

Her hair in ringlets soft and brown
Adds beauty to the scene,
What though there's dough upon her gown,
Her heart, I'm sure, is clean.

But poets are mere mortal men,
And I am like the rest,
For while these beauteous charms I ken,
I like her product best.

And though I tease and say she bakes
Her bread as hard as stone,
I'm mighty pleased whene'er she makes
A batch of bread alone.

And I am sure that you'll agree,
That after all is said,
And you have dined or lunched with me,
Our Mary CAN make bread.

PREVARICATING MARY

Mary told a little lie,
It wasn't very wrong,
And then she told another one
To help the first along!

The second was not very bad
But paved the way for more,
And soon to make her stories jibe
Sweet Mary told a score.

Like others who have tried this game,
(I'm one, without a doubt),
Our Mary learned that one fine day
Her lies had been found out.

Now what will little Mary do?
Her stock of tales runs low,
Perhaps the truth will help a bit,
I hope it will prove so,

For Mary is a real good girl
Despite those naughty lies,
She looks and acts quite innocent,
And she has roguish eyes.

And when she smiles (Lord bless my soul),
I lose my head and heart,
I quite forgive her stories and
I lie to take her part!

I've wondered oft if when I die
And climb the golden stairs,
Will Peter turn his back on me
Or listen to my prayers?

Will he condemn me for the lies
Which I have learned to tell
Because of her, this naughty wight
And pack me off to—well

I guess St. Pete will understand
And pass me with a wink,
If he but sees Miss Mary smile,
He'd lie himself I think!

ADVICE TO POETS

Would you to poetry aspire,
To make yourself a name
And set the people's hearts afire,
Make common words seem tame?

Would you have folks to sigh, and say
When words of yours they read,
"How wonderful! how grand his lay!"
And make your thoughts their creed?

Would you have clubs named after you
To study and discuss
The meanings hidden from their view;
Say "this and that mean thus"?

Would you a monument have reared,
When laid away at rest?
Would you to thousands be endeared
Who'll think of you as blest?

Would you have wealth in countless store
Your work to compensate,
And have disciples by the score
Your life to emulate.

Would you have kings and queens bow down
Before your matchless wit,
And by your poems win renown
Ere you make your exit?

If you would these things bring about,
Have folks think you're immense,
Just write your poems all without
One particle of sense.

Just make your meaning so obscure
That scholars everywhere,
Professional or amateur,
To criticize won't dare.

And thus will you win place and fame,
Like Emerson and Browning;
Remember they did just the same,
Their readers did the crowning.

TOLSTOI'S REPLY TO THE RUSSIAN
CHURCH

You urge me to repent—Aye, and of what
Shall I repent? What evil have I done?
Who is there from amongst the priestly throng
Which has renounced me dares to say
That I have ever spoken but the truth,
That I have ever taught what was not so,
Or that I e'er have stultified my soul
For gold or gain? And yet you say repent.

O, whited sepulchres, whose outward forms
Are fair indeed for fools to gaze upon,
Tear from your eyes that veil which hides the sight
Of a new birth. A grand awakening
Of people free, unshackled by my might.
The bruised and shattered gods of ignorance
Are lying all around, and only you
Are blinded to the sight.—Tear off that veil.

Behold in me a man by God ordained
To preach humility, and peace and love,
To sacrifice, if need be, every thought
But that which glorifies the lowly soul
And makes the peasant of the moor a king
As great as he who dons the royal robes
Of earthly thrones. The thought that God is Love,
And Love, not creeds, can save the peasant's soul.

You urge me to repent. Of what, I pray?
Doth' not the spirit of the truth I preach
Cause you to blush and hang your head in shame
To think that while I'm on my dying bed
You dare ask this of me? Be gone, you dogs,
Go fawn and kneel before the robes of state,
But leave me with my God.—I fear not death,
I've nothing to repent.—*YOU* must repent.

OUR HOME IN THE WOODS

Where the birds in the spring of the year sweetly sing,
Where oaktrees and maples are sighing,
Where the bright, brilliant gleam of the tanager's wing
Is seen like a meteor flying.

Where the velvet-eyed deer romp from sunrise to dark,
Where the sly, wicked fox shows his nose,
Where the whole out-of-doors is as free as yon lark,
Where you hear the shrill caw of the crows.

Where the brooks gaily dance to their home in the sea,
There are rough creviced rocks brown and bare,
Where you hear the dull buzz of the big bumble-bee
As you track the wild-cat to its lair.

Where anemones grow and the bright golden-rod
In the Fall of the year doth abound,
Where the old world seems rife with the spirit of God,
Where the proof of His being is found.

Where the soul is rejoiced by the evidence shown
Of His goodness, in rock, tree and flower,
Where you hear His voice speak in a thunderous tone
When the woods are refreshed by the shower.

Where the clear, placid lake doth invite you to rest
On its banks with their mosses so green,
Where the spotted brook-trout gives the fisher's sport
zest,
Where the dam of the beaver is seen.

Oh, we envy them not, those whose souls are confined
In the city's big mansions of stone,
In our home in the woods there no limit you find,
For all Nature's great world is our own.

THE CONFESSION

We were both wrong;
Each believed the other's eyes were blinded to the right,
Each could see the other's faults, despairing at the
sight,
Each one seemed to doubt the good which once to them
appealed,
And, doubting, lost the joy which Love, when true,
alone can yield.
But now, thank God, the motes and beams have been
removed at last,
The metal base of yester-night, today as gold is classed.
It took some strength, but now we know the bliss which
candor gives,
Each heart's confessed, contrite, and thus, each for the
other lives,
And both are right.

DEAR LITTLE SPRITE

Dear little simple sprite, sweet little dimpled mite,
Golden your tresses and fine,
Eyes of the brightest blue, lashes of lightest hue,
Lips that are treasures divine;
Smiles which supremely glow with lights that seemly
show,
Cheeks like red roses you own,
Manners alluring, grand; voice softly purring, and
Prettiest features I've known.

Long has a baby tot been my best "may-be" thought,
One of the feminine kind,
Heaven has sent me boys, the Lord has lent me joys
Greater than most of men find;
I'm not complaining, no, but love's remaining though
For such a sweet little mite,
You are the kind I own, I've had in mind alone,
Dear little sweet dimpled sprite.

THE LOVE LETTER.

Thou art gone, my love, for a little while thou saidst,
Think'st thou my troubled heart to still by these thy
words?

With thee an hundred mile and more from me, must I
So patient wait against my will for thy return?
I never knew how dear to me were pure, sweet lips
And tender eyes, and cheeks of rosy hue, but in
Thy absence now I see more clearly all thy charms;
Like one who sees the fount of youth, and after youth
Is gone, looks back and sees the beauties of his youth
He valued not while yet he had them for his own.

I sit alone tonight, my love, thinking of thee.
Though hard my lot might seem to be, I happy am.
Thoughts in which thou art the queen, I, smiling
courtier,

Ready to lay my cloak for thee to tread upon,
Are uppermost. Oh, would some aged, hoary sage
Or learned magi read thy heart and truly tell
If I may hope for future joy and bliss with thee.
Come home, my sweet, my own, my life. Thou'lt surely
come,

And coming, end all my despair; and then I'll be
Your king, your husband, slave,—and you—my wife.

MATRIMONY

Matrimony,—is it bliss
To surrender for a kiss
And a love-pat now and then
All the joys of single men?

Matrimony,—is it joy
Happiness without alloy,
To surrender girlhood's life
To become a drudging wife?

Matrimony,—why do men
Once they're freed, repeat again
Their mistake (if such it be),
And forego their liberty?

Matrimony,—why do wives
Spend insurance from the lives
Of the men folks to acquire
More of love's consuming fire?

But, my friends, what right have I
Into such like secrets pry,
Am I not a married dolt
Without courage to revolt?

Yes, and in my misery
I'm as happy as can be,
And I'm sure that I'd advise
Matrimony to the wise.

CHARLES DICKENS

In Memoriam.

Thou master of thought and depicter of men
Whose soul has been burned in the works of thy pen,
Thy name is a lever which moves us again
 To honor thy memory.

Humanity's friend and the Commoner's guide,
Apostle of hope and simplicity's pride,
Thy name shall endure till the oceans subside
 And earth shows sterility.

No marble cut deep or no labored stone pile
Can fittingly tell of thy freedom from guile,
No ode poets write can thy death reconcile
 To us of obscurity.

Thou hast smitten the rock, and waters of Truth
Have gushed like the fount of perpetual youth,
The Apple of Life felt the print of thy tooth,
 Thou savant of history.

All precedent's form thou hast blasted like rock,
The pessimist's caves of despair felt the shock,
Thy teachings of hope and thy sanguineness mock
 The false in philosophy.

Great souls shall endure until eons of years
Are gone like the mist and the earth disappears,
And Infinite Grace to which thy soul adheres
 Gives thee immortality.

INDIVIDUALISM

Oh, do you know a man who dares
To climb the lofty mountain steeps
Or swim the mighty ocean's deeps
And breast the tide where'er it sweeps
In spite of Hell.

Oh, do you know that thoroughfares
Of precedent are blazed by him
Who rushes where no seraphim
Dares e'en to tread the outer brim
Lest some repel.

Oh, do you think mistakes or cares
Will swerve him from his purpose high
To make his efforts typify
The nobler thoughts which underlie
Each fearless deed.

Oh, do you know not one compares
To him who by himself alone
Has made his name and deeds be known
And e'en usurped the mighty's throne
In times of need.

Oh, do you know a man who bears
Revilings and contumely
Because he shows effectively
His individuality
In every task.

If such you know in life's affairs,
Go hail him as a citizen
Of a free world whose noblemen
To ruts and grooves are alien
And seek no mask.

SUCCESS

Success is in thinking and not in mere wealth,
And nothing is failure unless it be health
That is wrecked by the worry and care in the strife
For money and gain in the business of life;
If we throw all our burdens and cares to the wind,
Make the most of our joys, take the best that we find,
Success is assured, though poverty's blight
Has turned day-time hopes to the darkness of night.

The men with the millions (which they've never earned)
Are oft-times the failures when rightly discerned,
They're results of a system which gives to a class
The fruits of the work of the dumb driven mass;
And the disgruntled folks who loudly inveigh
Against those who have, are in much the same way,
Success is not theirs, and never will be,
Till they think right, and work for humanity.

The man who produces deserves our acclaim,
Irrespective of wealth, irrespective of name,
Vain-glorious fools will say "Money talks,"
But the truest success such sophistry mocks;
The simple "Well done," when merited, brings
An honor which places its earner with kings;
And no man's a failure, nor can be, unless
He measures in Money his thought of success.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE WABASH

List the clanking of chains and the winch's shrill creak,
"Heave Ho!" rings the boatswain's loud cry,
The Wabash is sailing, a new berth to seek
Where none but proud memories lie;
The old ship looks not as in days when her deck
Resounded with bold sailors' tread,
Not the proud queen of yore, but a miserable wreck
Bound now for the port of the dead.

No funeral dirge, no salute from the shore,
No cannon's quick bark marks her close,
Ungrateful the land whose banners she bore
In the days when she triumphed o'er foes,
Men say that her timbers will go up in flame,
The Junk-smith her priest and her friend,
For a vessel that bears such a glorious name,
O, God, what an end! what an end!

The waves dance in joy as they welcome again
Their comrade of days that are flown,
Those days when she sailed with a crew of brave men
And sought out the war's fiercest zone;
Her timbers are sound and respond with a will
To the pulsating life of the sea,
Oh shame on the man who can view without thrill
The sight of her sad destiny.

Methinks I can hear in the depths of her hold
The moans of her heroes who bled
For Freedom's great cause when War's thunderbolts
 rolled
And her decks were like rivers of red;
Oh the hell then on board,—how the cannonballs flayed
That old craft, yet no tinge of defeat
Marred her fame as she fought, undismayed, unafraid,
The bulwark of a wooden fleet.

We prate much of peace, but such vessels as she
Alone make our peace firm, secure,
For peace-builders are they who are masters of sea,
And our navy makes peace doubly sure;
But the heart weeps and bleeds when some time-honored
 hulk
Meets a doom ill-befitting her name,
And is sold to be burned for the metal in bulk
Which rivets the joints of her frame.

O Angels on high, hide your faces and blush
For an ungrateful people who heed
Not the glorious past, but who foolishly rush
To acclaim some new hero or deed;
Are men deaf to the cries that I hear in her hold?
Can't they picture the forms of her brave?
Are they blinded by wealth and its symbolic gold
And care not the Wabash to save?

Too late, noble ship! clank your chains, spread your sail,
Bon Voyage, and peace to your soul,
I would that the gods might send you a gale
To prove that your timbers are whole;
I would that you'd find in the depths of the sea
A grave for your age-ridden frame,
But whatever betides, your grand history
Will go down in the annals of fame.

TO THE MARCH WINDS

Blow, ye March Winds,—blow fiendish-like, blow,
What demons are riding with thee?
Who calls from your depths as ye rush to and fro
“O Poet, come, come and be free,
Free—free—free,
O Poet, come, come and be free.”

Fain would I ride on your swift winged crest,
My soul yearns to travel with thee,
But suckling I am on Mother Earth's breast,
Too weak, oh too weak to be free.

Speed soft on your way, goad me not as ye fly,
Gods! must I stop here and be
A weakling, a babe in Eternity's eye?
Not yet, oh not yet to be free.

Shackled and bound with the earth-ties I stay,
Fate's pawn, still my heart envies thee,
When Death breaks the bonds I will up and away,
I'll come, yes I'll come and be free,
Free—free—free.
I'll come, yes, I 'll come and be free.

"CAN ANY GOOD THING COME OUT OF
NAZARETH?"

In this day of book and brain,
When to precedent we hark,
And the school and college reign
As a mighty oligarch,
'Tis the rule to look askance
On the efforts of the soul
Who has never had a chance
To autograph a college roll;
And the query, "Can it be
That outside the learned's zone
Is a strange anomaly
Lifting up his voice alone,
Daring to demand a share
Of the honors to be won
In the world's great thoroughfare
Open to each noble son?"
Such a crime to contemplate
Is more than poor mortal mind
Can in reason palliate
In the meanest of its kind.
E'en the lowly Nazarene
Should He come on earth once more,
Would be ostracised I ween
As in those dark days of yore,
If He could not boldly tell
Where He'd taken a degrec,
If He was a B. E. L.,
Or a learned LL. D.
Mediocrity's the same
In the crafts or in the school,
And they cannot change its name
When they educate a fool,

And the thought that nothing great
Emanates from common men
Lest they be a graduate
Of some college which we ken,
Savors of the Pharisees,
Whited sepulchres which did
In their outward beauty please
Yet within the dead bones hid.

O you holders of a scroll,
Made of sheepskin and engrossed,
Search into your inmost soul.
Ask yourselves if what you boast
As an evidence of power
Is not rather foolish, vain,
And the great men of the hour
Are the ones who by their brain
Have made good despite this fact
They've not taken college course,
And their learning and their tact
Came from quite another source.

Give the restive soul the right
To express its hidden thought,
Seek to stifle not the might
Which obscurity has wrought.
God's and Nature's ways are strange,
Neither owns man's barriers
When they seek to best arrange
Time and place and carriers
Of the things which shall enlarge
Mankind's mind and intellect,
Many of their plans they charge
To the lowly to perfect,
And they question not at all
If a school or college lent
Lustre to the one they call.
To be fame's recipient.

DEO GRATIAS.

The gates of death yawned wide, my love,
To claim thee for their own,
With bated breath, I tried, my love,
To stifle tear and groan.

My bleeding soul cried out, my love,
So helpless there was I,
For God's control throughout, my love,
I would not have thee die.

The words I prayed were few, my love,
But steeped in anguished gall,
And undismayed were you, my love,
And bravest through it all.

My prayer was heard, thou'rt still my love,
God bade grim death depart,
And by His word, His will, my love,
He eased my chastened heart.

Thou'rt more to me tonight, my love,
Than e'er thou wast before,
And it shall be my right, my love,
To have thee evermore.

HE KISSED THE LIPS OF AMBITION

Oh, he kissed the lips of Ambition,
For the jade was sweet and fair,
Oh, he kissed the lips of Ambition
With never a burdened care,
For his blood was hot with yearnings
To do, and to be,—and then
To feast and to laugh with his earnings
And buy of the power of men!

Oh, the jade was as fair as Morning,
Youth's kiss was returned with smile,
He saw not the clouds aborning
Nor searched in her eyes for guile,
And he laughed, oh, he laughed, when neighbors
Advised with their lips, "Beware!"
For Ambition had piped to his labors.
Yes, the jade was sweet and fair!

Oh, he kissed the lips of Ambition;
The time of his youth was spent,
Then he damned the lips of Ambition
For his youth's impoverishment,
For the hag of wisdom bereft him,
And the wealth that he earned, she flung
To the four winds of Earth, and she left him,
A broken down reed, unsung!

CHERRY TIME

'Tis cherry time, ripe cherry time,
Such sweetness lends itself to rhyme,
I give to thee, my favored one,
A few I gathered, ere the sun
Had warmed the breezes of the day,
When red tints streaked the bluing gray.

The clustered fruit with mellowed hearts
Now ripened by the warm sun's arts,
With ruby tints of June-time red
Hangs temptingly from overhead,
Inviting all,—who can resist?
Not I, such joy should not be missed.

The robins red, the blackbirds sly,
Their cherry tastes now gratify,
And other birds, like wing-ed thieves
Dart in and out amongst the leaves,
I emulate them in a way,
But take far more, in fact, than they.

To me the ripened cherries bring
Sweet recollections of my Spring,
When youth and joy went hand in hand,
When barefoot boy I roamed the land
And fed on cherries wet with dew,
Some black, some red, all luscious too.

And I remember, oh, so well,
A little miss who used to dwell
Close to my white-limed country home,
Who oftentimes with me would roam,
A raptured symphony in blue,
I've not forgot, sweet one, 'twas you!

And once I climbed a cherry tree,
While you stood gazing up at me,
With apron held outstretched, I knew,
To catch the cherries that I threw,
And though naught but a boy as yet,
I threw my heart into that net!

You ate those lip-red cherries all,
My heart you thought a pit-stone, small,
You must have thrown it to the wind,
I've hunted oft, but ne'er could find,
Mayhap these cherries from my tree
Will serve to bring a heart to me.

Each one I plucked had been dew-kissed,
An omen fair from Morning's mist,
Each one *my* kiss, each kiss a prayer
From lover lips for strength to bear
A separation, seemingly
Without an end, alas, to me!

Each reddened spot a blush of shame.
Each blush a taunting look of blame
To me, for letting years depart
Ere seeking bliss within your heart,
Their ruddy cheeks reflect the glow
Of kisses warm, I did bestow.

'Tis cherry time, ripe cherry time,
Oh, may I know the bliss sublime
Of matching cherries to your lips,
And take anew our youthful trips,
The finest fruit Love ever grew
I'll pick and give sweetheart to you!

THE GREAT MUSICIAN

As the mottled shadows of the maple leaves
Flick in the light of the clear, limpid moon
And dance to the songs which the wind doth croon,
 So flick the shadows of fame;
But like the shadow which close interweaves,
That of the trunk which never doth move,
So standest thou in our memory's groove,
 And ages will thee acclaim.

As the rhythmic music of thy wondrous mind
Awoke in men's hearts new, responsive chords,
Thrilling like wine spilled from heavenly gourds,
 So wakes to thy worth at last
The dull, sluggish hearts of the mortal kind,
Which, drowsy with tunes from the unskilled hand
Were nescient to strains of the infinite brand
 That came from thy treasures vast.

As the carping critics of a carnal age
Derided thy worth and caviled at thy best,
Doubted thy might and damned thee with a zest,
 So all great minds have been slurred;
But now thy defamers are gone from Life's stage,
Their words are forgotten and scattered like chaff,
No music they wrote on Eternity's staff,
 But thine will ever be heard.

NO MAN CAN ESCAPE

No man can escape from a woman's love
When once such a love has been given,
No refuge as safe as a woman's heart
For a life that's been cruelly driven,
And the winds of hate and the storms of pride
Are broken and scattered like spray
When a man returns and a woman forgives
The errors which marked yesterday.

No man can escape from a woman's prayers
No matter how far he may go,
For God answers prayer and the methods He takes
Are strange to us mortals below.
When prayers mix with tears and sorrows with love,
And souls that are burdened entreat,
There's something that moves man's hardness of heart
And urges repentance complete.

No man can escape from the love he has felt
For the children he brought into life,
No matter how long he's estranged from their thought
Through sin and its consequent strife;
For there's something divine in man's love for his child,
There's something that makes its appeal
To his innermost soul and moves him to show
The love which a father can feel.

No man can escape from himself though he aims
To forget or deny wicked deeds,
He may outwardly show to the world a calm mien,
But within his heart silently bleeds;
No bandage save Love can staunch mem'ry's wounds,
No friends can displace kinship's ties,
The love of his own, their prayers and himself,
No man can escape if he tries.

THE THINNING RANKS

The bugles sound, the rolling drums
Have signaled break of day,
Arise, O comrades, and again
Greet this Memorial Day;
Attention, fall in line and count.
One, two, three, four, begin!
And answer to the roll-call now,
O God, the ranks are thin!

Where's Smith who fought at Seven Pines?
Where's Jones who was with me
At Gettysburg for three whole days
And saw the rout of Lee?
What, dead? No, boys, it can't be true,
They marched with us last year,
They seemed as well and strong as I,
I thought they'd sure be here!

Old Adams gone? And Sergeant Green?
And full two score or more
Who answer not unto their names
As in the days of yore?
All dead, and lying 'neath the ground?
Yes, boys, it must be so,
Or else they'd march with us today
And answer "Here," I know.

I fear me, boys, it won't be long
Before our time will come,
We'll have to recognize the call
When Death shall beat the drum.

Our ranks are few, and fewer still
Another year will find,
It won't be long ere not a one
Of us is left behind.

But while we're here, O comrades, show
Our colors all unfurled,
God bless that flag; we saved it, boys,
It's honored o'er the world.
And once again today we'll think
Of those who fought and died
To keep our Union all intact
And bled on Freedom's side.

Now, forward march; right shoulder arms.
Forget your years again,
The band leads on; acquit yourselves
Today like valiant men.
Another year, maybe, we too
Will sleep in Mem'ry's bed,
But here today, we're privileged
To honor noble dead.

THE TIME TO BE CROSS

The time to be cross is when you have found
That some petty trouble has made
You forget for the nonce all else but the wound
And rightly or wrongly upbraid;
For nothing is gained by anger or pride,
They both should be hid on Time's shelf,
And if you give way when troubles betide
It's time to be cross—with *yourself*.

"THE KEEPER OF THE SPRINGS"

Who is the keeper of the springs? He that guards and
well

Life's glorious fountain source of which the ages tell
And none hath found;

Who sends the waters down the mountain slopes, to fill
The river's bed, the brooks, and holds them back at will
From flooded ground.

Who is the keeper of the springs? Who fills life's golden
cup

And gives to thirsty souls that plead a measure or a sup
Nor doth withhold?

Who keeps youth's valleys green and makes the snows
of age

Revitalize the earth and a new birth presage
Where naught grows old?

Who is the Keeper of the springs Who knows that
millions are

Dependent on His love and view Him from afar
As One supreme?

Who watches clouds and rain and dams the surging sea
Of restless unborn life, and makes Eternity
An endless stream?

God is the Keeper of the springs. He dwells on lofty
heights

Unseen by mortal man until Death's sunshine lights
And closer brings

His mountain lodge to view, and eyes of Faith descry
The bounteous source of good in which men's futures lie;
God keeps these springs.

MY HEAVEN

I had a dream, sweetheart, last night,
The strangest I have known,
I dreamed my soul had taken flight
Into a boundless zone;
It seemed as if each finite cord
Which held my soul below
Had parted strands and I had soared
To realms no mortals know.

No wings I owned, but yet I flew
Through countless miles of space
Impelled by some great power which drew
Me towards a gorgeous place;
I saw four walls of purest white
Capped with great blocks of gold,
And all gave forth resplendent light,
'Twas marvelous to behold.

And in the walls I saw a door
With locks of burnished brass,
And o'er its top these words it bore,
"None but the poor can pass."
I knew straightway that this must be
The heavenly home of bliss
Which every mortal longs to see
And no one wants to miss.

And glad was I to reach that place
Which knows no earthly pain,
I felt quite sure that in my case
Such poverty was plain.
I boldly knocked and waited long
Before I heard a sound,
I wondered what there could be wrong,
Why no one was around.

But finally the hinges creaked,
The door an inch did stir,
And from behind St. Peter peeked
And said, "What would you, sir?"
I answered, "Peter, I demand
An entrance now within,
A penitent and poor I stand,
I'm free from riches' sin.

A wealthy poet never breathed,
The fates have so ordained,
My rhymes alone I have bequeathed
To those who have remained."
St. Peter looked on me askance
And said, "Pray tell me this,
If ever by the merest chance.
You've tasted Heaven's bliss."

"Why, yes," I said, "'Twas when I heard
My sweetheart whisper low
A single, solitary word,
And saw her blushes glow,
And felt her sweet lips pressed to mine,
And knew she cared for me
With a pure love almost divine,
'Twas bliss if such could be."

Again St. Peter to me spake
And said, "Go back, young man!
You've made a terrible mistake,
Go back while yet you can;
For you there is no greater bliss,
In here or anywhere,
'Twas heaven you left, a sweetheart's kiss
Is wealth beyond compare!

You are too rich to enter here,
There's nothing new within
To compensate for that I fear,
If I do let you in;

Go seek your heaven from whence you came,
 I cannot give you more,
 I wish that I could have the same;"
 With that he shut the door.

And then it seemed as though I fell
 Back to the earth again,
 And then awoke all sound and well
 Amidst the haunts of men.

I wrote this dream because, my dear,
 It taught that naught above
 Contains such bliss as I've found here,
 The Heaven in your love.

TO AN AUTOGRAPH FIEND

Oh, "What's in a name?" There is little I ween,
 In my autograph wherever 'tis seen,
 When compared with the names of the men who have
 made
 Success of their labors in tasks they've essayed.
 You can conjure with theirs, and the world will applaud,
 But mine's only known to myself and my God.
 Yet I hope and aspire to carve bold and strong
 A niche in the future by rhythmical song,
 And mayhap, my friend, posterity's fame
 Will accord its bright lustre to me and my name.
 So in hope of that day my own I'll append
 To the long list of poets which ne'er seems to end.
 I feel honored, I'm sure, by your kind request,
 And herewith inscribe my poor name with the rest.

MY GARDEN OF BLIGHTED HOPES

I sowed in the hours of Life's morning
The seeds of my purest desire,
While the glorious tints of the dawning
Reflected Ambition's green fire;
I ploughed through rough fields of dejection,
I harrowed through toils of despair,
My garden I tilled to perfection,
'Twas ready for blooms it might bear.

I hoped for a prime's early reaping
Ere suns of the advancing years
Should dry up the springs in my keeping
Or salt their sweet waters with tears;
I hoped for a harvest transcendent,
Surpassing the world's finest yield,
I prayed that success be attendant
And prove my best work in Life's field.

I recked not of ice-blasts and hoar-frosts
Which swooped down from Doubt-land's high hills,
Of blossoms and fruits by the score lost
Through Hate that so ruthlessly kills;
I dreamt not of Drouth's cruel burning,
Of pests of the sycophant brand
Which came in a cloud on discerning
The sprouts bursting through on my land.

I saw not the hail-stones of Habits
Beat down and destroy tender shoots,
I thought not that Passions like rabbits
Would tear up my best by the roots;
I knew not that Poverty blighted
And ate like a cankerous worm,
Nor saw I that Envy incited
The weeds and the tares to root firm.

Life's evening has now settled o'er me,
My garden is desolate, bare,
The Reaper called Death stands before me
And claims good and bad for his share;
My swan-song of Failure I've chanted,
My spirit is broken, and gropes
Through the memories of years when I planted
In my garden of Blighted Hopes.

THE POET'S ART

The secret of a poet's art
Is thinking well what he'd impart
To those who by design or chance
Will o'er his lines and verses glance.

A poem without sense or thought
Is wasted work and good for naught,
The meanest rhyme is justified
If simple truth it doth provide.

The highest type of verse that's known
Is that where mirrored love is shown,
The reader sees reflected bright
The thought which prompts a man to write.

I sometimes think that poets are
True oracles who but unbar
The prison gates of fettered Time,
And loosen doubts through portent rhyme.

Dame Nature never lent a song
To him whose heart and thoughts were wrong,
And only those who feel can sing
The sublime verse with truest ring.

THE SETTLEMENT OF WOLLASTON

Where the gentle breezes blow
From the waters of the bay,
Where the moon's soft, mellow glow
Can be seen at close of day;
On the hills that look afar
Over land and over sea,
There is naught that e'er can mar
Nature's sweet tranquility.

There from Wollaston's great heights
One can see the twinkling flash
Of the myriad harbor lights
Showing where the breakers dash;
Where the islands' vernal green
Looms against the ocean's blue,
Each a seeming Neptune's queen,
'Tis in truth a noble view.

Rising prondly 'gainst the skies
Yon stone tower, lofty, grand,
Massiveness that amplifies
Beauties of a pleasant land;
Roses wild and flowerets rare,
Noble elms and maple trees
In profusion everywhere,
Tempting man to live at ease.

Homes and schools upon the hill,
Churches with their pointed spires,
All a power to instill
Healthy thoughts and pure desires;

Such a spot I have in mind
On the shores of Quincy Bay,
Nature's work by man refined,
Such is Wollaston to-day.

* * * * *

Scarce three hundred years have flown
Since the good ship "Charity"
Anchored by this land unknown,
Land of virgin purity.
Boisterous sea and stormy wind
Here were stilled, and quiet reigned,
Mayhap God Himself designed
All this beauty unrestrained.

List the shout of rapturous joy
From an hundred lusty throats,
Happiness without alloy,
Orders come to man the boats.
Hear the sharp and quick command,
"Loose the davits, take the oars,
Captain Wollaston will land
On these bright, inviting shores."

Standing in the foremost prow,
Folded arms, majestic mien,
With a high and classic brow,
Captain Wollaston is seen.
Nature moulded him from clay
Different from the common lot,
And in moulding threw away
All the things which pleased her not.

Cared he little for high Art
Science or Philosophy,
Such things were to him a part
Of the learned's sophistry;
Church nor school could him entice,
Nature's world had taught him more
Which to his mind did suffice,
Seaman's craft and woodsman's lore.

Fearless both of man or beast,
Never letting insult pass,
Quick of wit and at the feast
Drained he dregs of the strong glass;
Popular with his motley crew,
Loved by them both one and all,
King James' enemies he slew
In pitched battle or in brawl.

'Mongst the men who followed close
Was a man who's passed to fame
By his ribald jests, jocular,
Thomas Morton was his name;
Rascal, yet a brilliant knave,
Happy, jolly and care-free,
Handsome, swagger, withal brave,
Bacchanal in revelry.

Once a barrister was he,
Corkscrew curls and powdered pate
Seemed with him ne'er to agree,
Laughed he at the magistrate.
Destined was he to impress
On the Future's scroll of life
Records of his idleness,
And his quarrelings and strife.

Hark! the scraping of the sand
As they pulled up on the beach,
Thankful once again to land,
Hear the joyful shouts of each.
Weeks of sailing on the sea,
Sky above and deep below,
Proves a dread monotony
Such as only sailors know.

Bounding lightly up the hill,
With his sword of shining steel,
Wollaston ran with a will,
Others following at his heel.
Planting England's ensign high,
Double crossed and bloody field,
Claimed he all one could espy,
Nature's treasures here revealed.

"By the might of good King James,
This fair spot shall henceforth be
Called the fairest of all names,
Mountain Wollaston for me.
Other titles I abjure,
This shall be my monument,
Ever shall this name endure
Till the days of time be spent."

Cheer on cheer from them resounded,
Islands echoed back the call,
And from neighboring hills rebounded
Answering echoes to them all.
Ruddy wines from far-off Spain
Here were quaffed to piquant toast,
And each pledged him to maintain
England's right to this fair coast.

There upon the hill's green crest
Tents were pitched, and ere the sun
Sank beneath the golden west
Future's history had begun.
History which never will
Lose its charm for those who grope
Through its pages, there to fill
To its brim the cup of hope.

* * * * *

Tired men perforce must sleep,
Nature claims rest as her due.
If man would his vigor keep,
This trite fact the Captain knew.
Sentinels he placed around,
Soon the camp in slumber lay,
Stretched upon the grassy mound,
Sleeping till the break of day.

Ere the moon had climbed in sight
Watches, too, sought rest's relief;
And none saw by its dim light
Aberdecest, Indian chief.
With a smile, disdainful, fierce,
Watched he from his hiding place,
Eyes that seemed the night to pierce
Gleamed from out his painted face.

Fain would he have driven them
From the spot which they had sought,
By each cunning strategem
Which his savage nature taught.
For this place was hallowed ground
To the simple child of earth,
Hallowed was the country round,
It had been his land of birth.

And in peace his mother lay
'Neath the sod upon this hill,
Ever since the awful day
When the plague did thousands kill.
Well for Wollaston's small band,
As they slept that night serene,
He had felt the mighty hand
That has stopped his tribe's rapine.

Old moons counted now a score
That had cradled in the new
Since on Wessagusset's shore
Mighty chiefs Myles Standish slew.
When fierce Wituwamat died
With the great chief Pecksuot,
He himself was forced to hide,
Fearful lest he too be caught.

And his eyes blazed out with fire,
Vengeance cried out for surcease,
For the wrongs which caused his ire
By the men from 'cross the seas.
Did not wicked Captain Hunt,
When he sailed New England's coast,
Steal from him with cruel taunt
The one thing he loved the most?

Stole from him his only child,
Then almost a full-grown brave,
Forced him from his native wild,
Sold him for an abject slave.
As these thoughts flew o'er him now,
Aberdecest sought to slay
Or to drive away somehow
All who now before him lay.

Planning deep his subtle schemes
Which would his revenge requite,
Ere the sun's first morning beams
Passed he out into the night.
Over hill and dale he went,
Swift and silent as a cat,
Straight into his birch-bark tent,
Where his chiefs in council sat.

* * * * *

Never did the morning sky
Brighter seem to look upon,
More attractive to the eye
Than now greeted Wollaston.
And the June sun seemed to cheer
By its brilliant, streaming rays
All who came to settle here,
And to forecast happy days.

In their sylvan depth's retreat
Robin, thrush and whip-poor-will
Caroled out their song so sweet;
Songs which seemed the air to fill.
And the babbling, laughing brook
Gaily danced down to the sea,
Darting 'twixt each dell and nook,
Tripping, trilling, euphony.

Marveling at this wondrous scene,
Wollaston and Morton rose
From their bed of grasses green,
Freshened by the night's repose.
Ere they started to explore
These fair sights which did enthral,
Breakfast from the vessel's store
Was then served to one and all.

Calling for their pouch of shot,
Fowling piece and powder horn,
Wollaston and Morton sought
To start out while yet 'twas morn.
Proudly perched upon his hand
Morton took his lanneret,
Which would fly at his command
And his hunting trophies get.

Straight they travelled to the west,
Where the hills were high and blue,
Resting on the highest crest,
Noting everything in view.
There beneath their eager eyes
Were two lakes whose liquid deeps
Back reflected summer skies
And the rugged mountain steeps.

To the north of them there lay
Silver streams and tree-grown plains,
To the eastward in the bay
Islets stretched in endless chains.
Ere they started back to go,
Hours many had flown by,
And the sun had sunken low
In the glowing western sky.

When they plunged into the wood
Steps of morning to retrace,
Lo, behold, before them stood
An Indian with stolid face,
With his bow slung on his arm,
Arrow-quiver full to brim,
Fearful lest he might do harm,
Pointed they their guns at him.

Taken with surprise aback
By these words familiar, clear,
"Welcome, English, Hobomack
Invites you to share his cheer
Under yonder shady tree.
Come and eat my venison,
Come and fear thou naught from me."
Thus he spake to Wollaston.

Glad were these two pioneers
To accept this offer made,
And to have their anxious fears
By these kindly words allayed.
Underneath a spreading elm
On the east slope of the hill,
Overlooking Nature's realm
Sat all three with right good-will.

Outdoor life gives appetite,
Travel makes it doubly keen,
And the frugal meal in sight
More than welcome was, I ween.
So the dish of venison
Made their gnawing hunger cease,
And when all of them were done
Smoked they of the pipe of peace.

Then the captain and his mate
Asked their valiant Indian host
If he would to them relate
Stories of this rock-bound coast.
If the many tribes around
Still to heathen customs clung,
Where the white men could be found
Who had taught to him their tongue?

With his hand he pointed south
Towards a great, unbeaten track,
And these words came from the mouth
Of the mighty Hobomack:
"Many golden moons ago,
White men came in ships with wings,
Came amidst the Winter's snow,
When the chilly north wind stings.

To the place called Patuxet
Came and built their wigwams high,
On the land which Samoset
And his tribe did occupy.
There they taught me how to pray
To the all-wise Manitou,
Taught me English words to say,
Words with which I greeted you.

And when Manepashmet's squaw,
Sachem of the Nipmuck race,
Would on Hobomack make war
And would drive him from this place,
Then these men whose skin was fair
Drove the wicked squaw-chief back,
Taught her warriors to beware
Lest they injure Hobomack.

Thus a debt to them I owe,
Never shall the English say
Hobomack was white man's foe,
Or kind deeds failed to repay."
Other things he told them still,
Told how he that day had heard
Aberdecest plot to kill
Those who had his hate incurred.

When the hunter's moon should wane,
He had planned to fall upon
And to kill for loot and gain
All the men with Wollaston.
Bidding them to hasten back
To their camp and make defense,
From the ground rose Hobomack,
Said farewell and went from hence.

Frightened by the Indian's tale,
The two travellers rose in haste
And took up their morning trail
Through the brush and swampy waste.
Evening shadows deeper grew,
Darkness soon enveloped them,
And the stars came into view,
Jewels of Night's diadem.

Unfamiliar was the land,
And it is not strange that they
E'en with woodlore at command
Could not find the homeward way.
Skulking wolves trailed at their heels,
Hooting owls the echoes woke,
And the distant thunder peals
Of a coming storm bespoke.

Wondering how they should proceed,
Neither dared to act as guide,
When bold Morton, quick of deed,
In great exultation cried;
"Let us tie this silken cord
On my noble bird of prey,
And we will to him afford
Length enough to lead the way.

Mayhap he will see the glow
Of our sentry's beacon light,
And to us the way will show
That shall overcome our plight."
Suiting action to the word,
Morton bade the bird to fly,
And divested of its hood
Rose the noble falcon high.

Straight he flew towards where the camp
On the distant hill did stand,
Hampered somewhat by the cramp
Of the cord in Morton's hand.
Guided in this novel way
Many miles the twain did roam,
Tired by their long delay
When they reached their tented home.

Sleep is Nature's healing balm,
Soothing, restful, giving all
Troubled hearts its peaceful calm,
Freedom from life's bitter thrall.
Soon these hardy pioneers
By old Morpheus were enslaved,
For the nonce forgot their fears
And the dangers they had braved.

Days soon lengthened into weeks,
Weeks to months as quickly grew,
And where first upon the peaks
Tents had risen into view,
Houses stood, unfinished, rude,
Built of logs and yellow clay,
And although their style was crude,
Proof they gave of strength to stay.

Circling round the settlement
Oaken staves and prickly vines
Acted as an intrenchment
'Gainst all hostile men's designs.
Well had Wollaston so schemed
His defence from savage foe,
That impregnable it seemed
Naught was needed more, I trow.

Every night a sentry stood
From his vantage point concealed,
Gazing out into the wood
Fearful lest each shadow yield
Proof of Aberdecest's vow,
Made in cruel, malign hate,
That he would sometime, somehow,
The whole band annihilate.

When the trees stole from the sun
Brilliant hues of red and gold,
Ere old Boreas had begun
To blow down the northern cold,
Came there to the camp one day
A savage fierce, with visage sly,
In his painted war array
And a cruel, wicked eye.

Straight to Wollaston he went
And presented to his hand
Bow and arrows which were sent
With a haughty, sharp command
By the sachem of his tribe
That they all should leave in haste
Else he would to them proscribe
Torture, death and fire's waste.

Reaching for his trusty gun
With a steady, careful eye,
Trained by usage, Wollaston
Aimed it at a hawk on high.
Ere the echoes died away,
And the smoke had cleared from sight,
At their feet before them lay
The bird bereft of life and might.

"So it shall be to your chief
If he comes on us to war,
He shall likewise come to grief,
Go and tell him what you saw."
Thus spake Wollaston aloud
To the haughty Indian brave,
Who went back with spirit cowed,
Sadder, yet a wiser knave.

Glad was Aberdecest then
When he heard his courier's word
To seek favor with these men
Who could shoot a winged bird,
And he sent them for their use
Skins of beaver and of bear,
Praying that he might make truce
With the men whose skins were fair.

Neither were the settlers loath
With the Indians to make peace,
Well they knew 'twas best for both
That ill feeling now should cease.
So they traded back and forth
Beads for skins and knives for furs,
And for other things of worth
Gave they of their ample stores.

Winter now came on apace,
And the gray clouds floated low,
Biting winds cut on man's face,
And the air was filled with snow.
Rather than the cold winds bear
Of New England's winter time,
Wollaston would fain repair
To Virginia's sunny clime.

Gathering his men around,
The bold leader from them chose
Half a score, all strong and sound,
And he did to them propose
That they sail to Raleigh's land
Where the winter air was mild,
Where man must not needs withstand
Howling winds and storms so wild.

Then to Morton he resigned
The command of all the rest
Who were left by him behind
Mostly at their own behest.
Weighing anchor one bright day
With a smooth, unruffled sea,
From Mount Wollaston away
Sailed he on the "Charity."

From that day to this we've heard
Little of that roving soul,
Though Dame Rumor adds her word
To the page of his life's scroll.
She has said he wooed and won
A maiden fair of Indian kind,
Thus we'll leave brave Wollaston
And dismiss him from our mind.

Winter months flew quickly by,
Glad were Morton and his men
When the sun rose in the sky
And the spring time came again.
For to those then far away
From their English homes so fair
Every dark and cheerless day
Seemed to fill them with despair.

Few indeed can wear a frown
When Dame Nature, all serene,
Dresses in her brightest gown,
Heavenly blue and brilliant green.
And it is not strange if all
In the camp should celebrate
Spring's return with festival
And with joy exuberate.

When the merry month of May
Comes again with smiling skies
And each bright and sunny day
Drives away all frowns and sighs,
Then the universe seems glad,
E'en the stars blink out their joy,
And the old Earth, now green-clad
Winter's gloom seems to destroy.

So when spring time came once more
Dreary winter to expel,
From the hill and from the shore
From each mountain glade and dell,
'Tis not strange that Morton should
In his heart to joy give birth,
And his men in joyful mood
Homage pay to Mother Earth.

As the May-day now drew near,
Morton planned his joy to show,
By the custom to him dear
Of a May-pole all aglow.
Decked with garlands wet with dew,
Strung with ribbons, gaudy, gay,
Each of brightest dye and hue,
Fitting honors to the day.

So he climbed the lofty hill,
With his men he built a shrine,
And they cut with woodsman's skill
For their pole a lofty pine.
Eighty feet they raised its head,
And its top they did equip
With a pair of antlers spread
Full five feet from tip to tip.

When the holiday came round,
Marched they all with noise of drum
To the summit of the mound,
Bearing flagons full of rum.
Savages who flocked to see
White men's revels lent a hand
In this May-day's jollity
Strange, indeed, to this new land.

After fashion of the time
Morton wrote a May-pole ode
And made fun in caustic rhyme
Of each current episode.
This he fixed upon the tree
For his men to read at will,
Then began the revelry
On the summit of the hill.

And from Bradford's strict account
We have learned that Morton named
Where the pole stood "Merrymount."
Such to this day it is famed.
And the name was chosen well,
For the revels 'neath the trees
Would defy one to excel,
Ne'er was seen such games as these.

Dancing madly and with vim
Rivaling Bacchus in his mood
Some with naked breast and limb
In a manner savage, lewd.
Drunken with their great excess,
Singing loud a roundelay,
In bold, reckless wantonness
Thus they spent the livelong day.

'Mongst the Indians who had seen
Morton's wild symposiac,
And the revels on the green
Was the mighty Hobomack.
Often had he visited
Morton and his hardy band,
And in hunting spirited,
He had led them o'er the land.

But the revels he now viewed
Shocked his sense of moral right,
With which he became imbued
By Myles Standish, stern, upright.
So he hurried to the town
Where the Pilgrims lived in peace,
And to Standish he made known
Things which did him much displease.

Boundless was the Pilgrim's rage,
When they heard of each misdeed
In which Morton did engage,
And they very soon agreed
That there was not room for two
Types of men so different
In this virgin land so new
Where they made their settlement.

So they then and there declared
They would end this wicked scene,
And they quietly prepared
Morton's rule to contravene.
Placing Standish at their head
(Ne'er was there a braver soul),
To the north they quickly sped,
Where loomed high the gay May-pole.

In the midst of sport profane,
They surprised the Bachanals,
And they did all them enchain
As a band of criminals.
Then they cut the May-pole down,
Burned it in their righteous wrath,
And marched back to Plymouth town
O'er the rough and wooded path.

Then they sent bold Morton home
And his men to England's shore,
And forbade them e'er to roam
In this place for evermore.
Thus an end comes to my rhyme
Of the settlement begun,
But until the end of time
Lives the name of Wollaston.

THE PEOPLE I MEET ON THE TRAIN

I meet them each morning, I meet them each night,
Some faces are scowling, some faces are bright,
Some faces are beaming with love and delight,
 And some look on me with disdain;
Some travel in pairs and some go alone,
I'm acquainted with few, to most I'm unknown,
And all are intent on the thoughts of their own,
 The people I meet on the train.

Some hold up their papers and shut out the view,
Some usurp seating space intended for two,
Some never say "If you please" or "Thank you,"
 And some have a grouch which is plain;
But some I have seen are most courteous and kind,
They're willing to share all the comforts they find,
It's a pleasure to travel with some I've in mind,
 The people I meet on the train.

Some think the conductor has nothing on hand
But to ride back and forth and admire the land,
And the truth of it is they can not understand
 That such work has danger and pain;
But some that I see are willing to give
The conductor a chance to honestly live,
And are never the least bit inquisitive,
 The people I meet on the train.

I wonder if you have been one of the throng
I've written about in this trivial song,
I wonder to which of these groups you belong,
 And in which you care to remain;;
Do you wear every morning a frown or a smile?
Is your ride back and forth a bore or worth while?
Now which of these classes is known as your style?
 The people I meet on the train.

ST. LUKE XXIV

And now upon the first morn of the week
As the faint blush of dawn bespake the day,
They came in silence to the tomb to seek
The body of the Christ which hidden lay.
They bore within their palms rich oil and spice,
A final tribute to their Lord who died,
'Twas all that they could do, and must suffice
To prove their love for Him, the crucified.

The stone which sealed the sepulchre so tight
Against all friends or foes was rolled away,
And by that yawning tomb's uncertain light
They entered in and found not mortal clay.
And they were much perplexed and cried aloud,
When lo! behold! appeared unto them there
Two men with garments shining like a cloud
When brilliant with the sunset's colors rare.

And out of fear they bowed down to the earth.
Mortality is ill-prepared to look
Upon the grandeur of Celestial birth,
The finite ne'er the Infinite can brook.
And in their fear they listened to a voice
Which said, "Why seek ye living 'mongst the dead?
He is not here, oh, troubled hearts, rejoice,
But risen is and from earth's bounds is fled.

For know you not the words He spoke to you
When preaching by the Galilean Lake,
The Son of Man must die and life renew
Again, to prove God's love for mankind's sake."
And when they heard these words they called to mind
The things which Christ Himself had oft foretold,
Though none His meaning e'er before opined,
They knew the truth and, knowing it, grew bold.

And then again with new light in their eyes
They journeyed to the place from whence they came,
And told the rest of them which did comprise
The chosen lot to teach the Master's Name.
And it was Mary Magdalene who spake
And said, "Come, see," for some believed her not,
And questioned how the dead interred could wake
Or rise to glory from that guarded spot.

Then Peter rose and ran with all his might
Unto the sepulchre where Christ had lain,
And stooping down beheld the linen white
Laid by itself and naught did it contain.
And wondering within his soul he passed
From out the tomb into the light of day,
Nor doubted more that what his Lord forecast
Had been fulfilled in God's own holy way.

Now two of them that way went to the town
Which was Emmaus called, and lay about
Full threescore furlongs from the hills that crown
Jerusalem, the pride of Jews devout.
And as they spake together on the road,
Behold the Christ Himself drew near and walked
Beside them to the place of their abode,
And listed to the things of which they talked.

But neither knew Him, for their eyes were blind
To aught but doubts within each troubled heart,
And Jesus said, "What be the things ye find
To talk about, and whence those tears which start
From out thine eyes?" And one of them whose name
Was known as Cleopas replied and said,
"Art thou a stranger and know not the fame
Of things which o'er Jerusalem hath spread?"

And He said unto them, "What things be these?"
And answering again they said to Him,
"Of Jesus Whom the Seribes and Pharisees
Condemned to death upon the Cross so grim,
Who was a mighty prophet in both deed
And word before our God and fellow-men,
And how we trusted that Himself would lead
The tribes of Israel for us again.

And it has been three days since this befell,
Since He was laid beneath the ponderous stone,
And lo, what happened but to-day we tell
As it to us by some hath been made known.
Yea, certain women of our company
Who journeyed early to the sepulchre
And found His body not, but yet did see
Two angels there with whom they did confer.

And of a truth the angels said that He
Was now alive and risen from the grave,
And that these things were all ordained to be
By God Himself, Who sent His Son to save,
And certain men who were with us to-day
Went to the sepulchre and found it so,
Just as we all had heard the women say,
Nor did they see the Master there below."

Then said He unto them, "O slow of heart
And fools, to read the prophets and believe
Yet cannot see that Christ must do His part
And suffer much, His glory to achieve."
And then He read to them the scriptural law
From Moses and the other prophets, too,
Concerning things of which they'd heard and saw
About Himself and proved the prophets true.

And as they drew nigh to the little town,
He made as though He would have gone away,
But they constrained Him, saying, "Night comes down,
Abide with us, for far is spent the day."
And as He sat at meat with them He took
A loaf of bread and blessed it, brake and gave
To each of them, and blindness them forsook.
They knew Him, risen from the lonely grave.

And lo, behold! as they both looked again
He left them there and vanished from their sight,
And they amazed said to each other then,
"Did not our hearts within us burn with light
While He re-oped the scriptures on our way
And talked with us, while we knew not His Name?
Then rising up in the same hour they
In haste retraced their steps from whence they came.

And there they saw disciples gathered round
And said to them, "The Lord has risen indeed,
For even now He hath appeared unbound
And shown Himself to Simon loose and freed."
In haste they told the rest how Christ made known
Himself when at the table breaking bread,
And how He left them standing there alone
In doubt and fear, not knowing where He sped.

And as they spoke, behold! with them there stood
Within their midst the Lord Himself, Who said,
"Peace be to you," but they in troubled mood
Affrighted were, and would in fear have fled,
But He said unto them, "Oh, why are ye
So troubled in your hearts? Behold my hands
And see My feet, and know that what I be
Is flesh and bones which here before you stands."

And then He showed them both His hands and feet,
And they believed in joy, yet wondered much,
When lo, He said, "Have ye withal to eat,
For flesh and bone doth oft require such?"
They handed Him a piece of broiled fish
And honeycomb wherewith to stay His fast,
And He did eat before them of each dish,
And spake these words to them upon the past:

"While I was yet with you these things must be
Which written were by prophets in the law
From Moses down, and all concerned Me
The things of which you've listed to and saw."
Then opened He their understanding so
They might the scripture comprehend indeed,
And said to them, "It written is, you know,
That Christ should die and from the grave be freed.

And that He should ascend unto His heavenly throne
On the third day from that on which He died,"
And rising thus, by this same act atone
For mankind's sins, and peace with God provide,
And that remission of all sins be told
Unto the multitude if it repent,
And to all nations they should then unfold
The truths of which each was recipient.

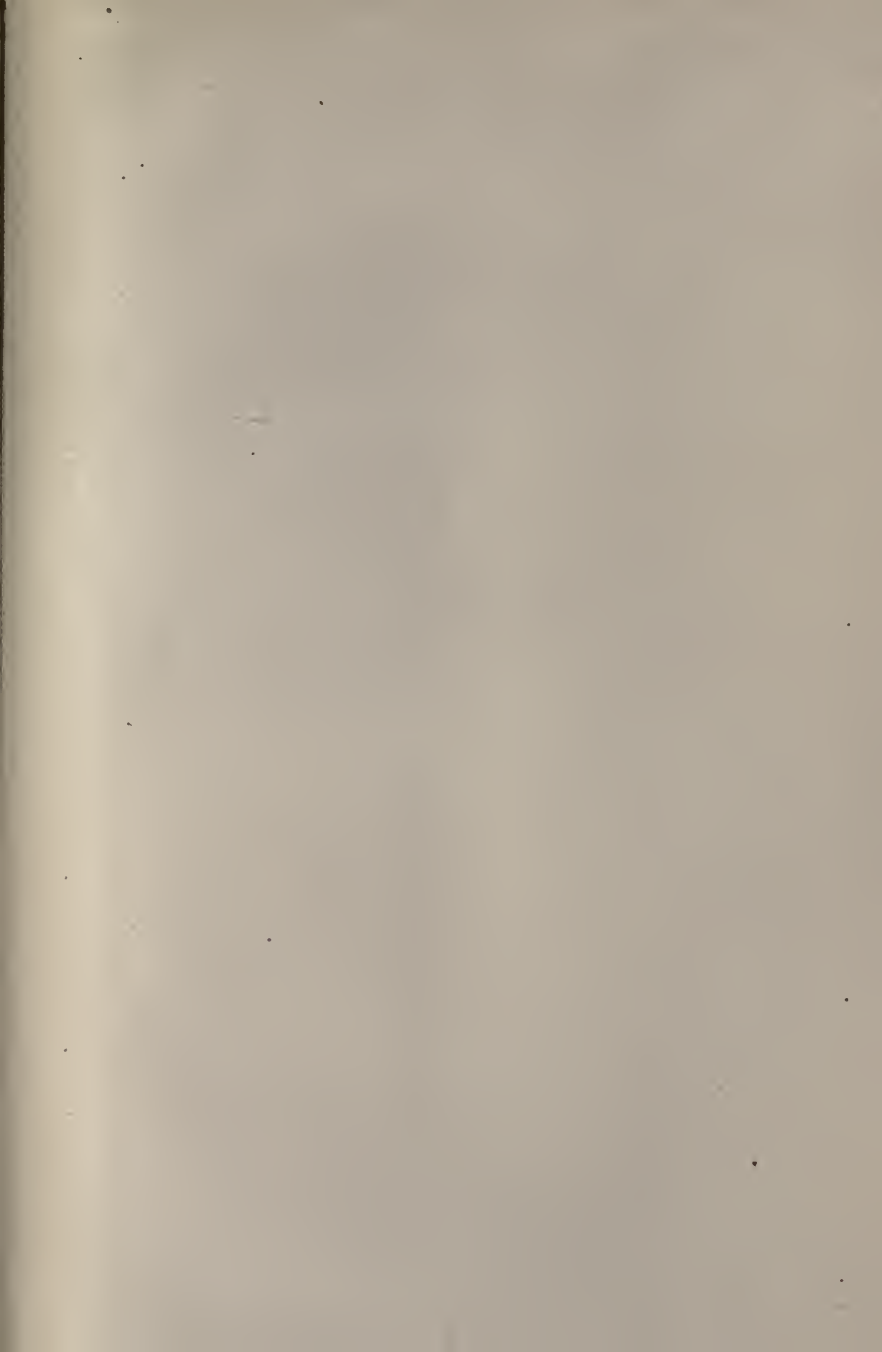
And they should start from out Jerusalem
And preach His Name and things they witnessed there,
Nor ever cease." And then He said to them,
"Behold I send and herewith now declare
The promise of My Father upon you,
And bid ye tarry in the city till
The power from high shall all your hearts imbue,
And God's pure love shall your whole being fill."

And then He led them out to Bethany,
And lifted up His hands and blessed them all,
And while He blessed them, ere a one could see,
He left them there, and answered Heaven's call.
And they returned and worshipped in great joy,
And daily in the temple raised their voice,
In love and praise their song they did employ,
With grateful hearts they prayed and did rejoice.

AMEN.

A DROP OF INK

"A drop of ink makes millions think,"
But when the ink is steeped in gall,
And what it writes besmirches all,
Then better for this world of woe
That this small drop of ink should flow
Into the deep and dark blue sea
And dissipate its energy.



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